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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—THE PROSPECTUS FOR THE NEXT ACADEMICAL YEAR, containing information about all the Departments of the College and School, is NOW PUBLISHED, and will be forwarded on application to
J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The NEXT MEETING will be held at GLASGOW, commencing on SEPTEMBER 12, 1855, under the Presidency of the DUKE OF ARGYLL, F.R.S.

The Reception Room will be in the 'Trades' Hall, Glassford-street, Glasgow.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, Magdalen Bridge, Oxford; or to Dr. Straug, Prof. Anderson, and William Gourlie, Esq., Local Secretaries, Glasgow.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.
6, Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONGRESS will be held at NEWPORT, in the Isle of Wight, AUGUST 29 to 31 inclusive.

Patrons.—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, R.G.; LORD HAYTES-BURY, G.C.B., Governor of the Island.

President.—THE EARL OF PERTH AND MELFORT.

Excursions will be made to various parts of the Island; Churches, Castles, and Barrows examined and discussed upon. A Meeting will be held in the Audit Room, Southampton, to examine the Ancient Monuments of the Corporation; and an Excursion made to Netley Abbey.—Programmes, and Tickets to admit a Lady and Gentleman, One Guinea; Lady's Single Ticket, Half-Guinea, to be had of Mr. Wright, Librarian, 50, Pall Mall, E., or of the Local Secretaries at Newport and Southampton; and of the Treasurer, T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., 16, Onslow-crescent, Brompton.

MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

It is proposed to establish a Society under this title for the purpose of investigating the History and Antiquities of the Metropolis and Metropolitan Country.

So soon as a sufficient number of Members shall have been enrolled, a General Meeting will be held for the purpose of determining the Rules, and of appointing the office-bearers of the Society.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members are requested to signify their intentions to any of the following Members of

The Provisional Committee.

The Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A., 19, Devonshire-road, Wandsworth-road.

John W. Burrows, Esq., F.S.A., 7, Fleet-street.

The Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Archaeology to the Royal Society of Literature, 30, Manor-street, Clapham.

The Rev. Thomas Hugo, M.A., F.S.A., 37, Bishopsgate-street, Within.

The Rev. Octavius Freire Owen, M.A., F.S.A., 31, Maids-hill West, Paddington.

Edward Richardson, Esq., 7, Melbury-terrace, Bedford-square.

George Keats, Esq., F.S.A., 1, Tangleford-court, Temple.

George Gilbert Scott, Esq., F.R.I.B.A., 29, Spring-garden.

William Taylor, Esq., 17, Chancery-lane, and 17, Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

George Bish Webb, Esq., F.R.I.B.A., 6, Southampton-street, Covent-garden.—(Honorary Secretary (pro tem).)

It is proposed that the Annual Subscription shall not amount to more than Ten Shillings.

GUYS—1855-6.—THE MEDICAL SESSION COMMENCES IN OCTOBER.

THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by W. W. GILL, M.D., on MONDAY, October 1, at two o'clock.

Students desirous of becoming Members must give satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay 40s. for the first year, 40s. for the second year, and 10s. for every succeeding year, or 100s. in one payment entitles a Student to a perpetual ticket.

Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Ward Clerks, Obstetric Residents and Dressers in the Eye Wards are selected according to merit from those Students who have attended a second year.

Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required.

Guy's Hospital, August, 1855.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—

JUNIOR SCHOOL, under the Government of the Council of the College.

Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.

THE SCHOOL WILL OPEN ON TUESDAY, the 25th of September, for NEW PUPILS. All the Boys must appear in their places without fail, on Wednesday, the 30th, at a quarter-past Nine o'clock.

The Session is divided into three Terms, viz.—From the 25th of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 2nd of August.

The yearly payment for each Pupil is 100s., of which 40s. are paid in advance in each Term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter-past Nine to three-quarters past Three o'clock. The afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to Drawing.

The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, both Physical and Political, Arithmetic and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics, of Natural Philosophy, and of Chemistry and Drawing.

Any Pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of Education. There is a general examination of the Pupils at the end of the Session, and the Prizes are then given.

At the end of each of the first two Terms there are short examinations, which are taken into account in the general examination. No absence by a boy from any one of the examinations of his Class is permitted, except for reasons submitted to and approved by the Head Master. The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment. A monthly report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

CLARENCE C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Tuesday, the 2nd of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on Tuesday, 16th of October.

August, 1855.

WESTBOURNE COLLEGE, PORCHESTER LODGE, BAYSWATER-ROAD, under the Management of a Committee.

MICHAELMAS TERM from 18th Sept. to 17th Dec. 1855.

Patrons.

The Right Hon. and Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Right Hon. and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London, Visitor.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Principal and Head Master.

The Rev. CHARLES MACKENZIE, A.M. Pemb. Coll. Oxford, Prefect of St. Paul's Cathedral, and recently Head Master of St. Olave's Grammar School, Southwark.

Classical and Mathematical Master—Horatio J. Ward, Esq., A.B. Emu. Coll. Cambridge.

French Teacher—Mons. Adolphe Ragon, of University College, London.

German Teacher—Herr Zerff, Dr. Ph. Drawing—James Ratford, Esq.

Class of Eight guineas a term, according to age and proficiency.

Hebrew, Greek and Latin—The Rev. J. W. Laughlin, A.M., late Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin.

English History and Literature—The Rev. T. H. Bullock, A.M., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

Elements of Physics—Trevelthan Spicer, L.L.D. and A.M. Gymnasium—Mr. W. G. Creach.

Writing—Mr. W. T. Hall.

Other Languages, Fencing, and an Education for any special Service, will be considered Extra—Fees for the Pupils, Six.

The school opens from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 for winter; 4 Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays.—Several of the Masters receive Boarders.—Arrangements are made for Pupils to dine on the premises.—A Prospectus will be forwarded on application.—The Institution Address is published, and may be obtained at the College, or at Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & CO. Cornhill, price 1s.

C. MACKENZIE, A.M. Principal.

6th August, 1855.

LADIES' COLLEGE, 47, BEDFORD-SQUARE.—

THE MICHAELMAS TERM WILL COMMENCE ON THURSDAY, the 11th of October, under the following Professors:

Biblical Literature—Rev. J. BAINES, M.A., St. John's Coll. Oxford.

Moral Philosophy—

Ancient History—Martin H. Irving, Esq., B.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford.

Modern History—J. Laughton Sanford, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn.

Mathematics—Rev. H. T. HOSE, M.A., Mathematical Master in St. Peter's College, Westminster.

Latin—Rev. J. BAINES, M.A.

English Language and Literature—

German Language and Literature—Adolphe Heimann, Ph.D., Professor of German, University of London.

French Language and Literature—M. Adolphe Ragon, Italian Language and Literature—Signor Valletta.

Elocution—J. Wigan, Esq.

Coal Music—Professor Hallab, King's College, London.

Harmony—W. Sterndale Bennett, Esq.

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Fine Art—Gottfried Kinkel, Ph.D., formerly Professor of Modern Literature, History of Fine Arts and Civilization in the University of Bonn.

Physical and Political Geography—Gottfried Kinkel, Ph.D.

Natural Philosophy—John Drew, Ph.D.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL WILL RE-OPEN ON THURSDAY, the 27th of SEPTEMBER.

Particulars may be had on application at the College.

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APPLIED TO MINING AND THE ARTS.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

REVIEWS

Christopher Willibald von Gluck, his Life and Music—[*Christopher, &c.*]. By Anton Schmid. Leipzig, Fleischer; London, Williams & Norgate.

THERE are few subjects in the records of Art richer in anecdote or fuller of material for speculation than the life and the works of Gluck. We are, therefore, grateful for the opportunity which this biography affords us anew to study that giant in stage-music, and the influences exercised by his genius. It is true that Herr Schmid's volume is wearily prosy:—a mass of dry material heaped up by one who thinks much of his own accuracy, and who comprehends little of the humanity of his subject. Any future writer, however, desiring to treat the lives of the great musicians in a less technical and exclusive fashion will find his collections of value.

Without re-writing this book, it would be difficult to do its contents justice, still more to touch upon all the points which, if well treated, might have made the biography of Gluck as various in amusement as it is in instruction.—To begin at the beginning, there was more to be told concerning the boyhood and training of the child than Herr Schmid has managed to tell us. A South German writer having a moderate share of acuteness, and due acquaintance with national manners, might have forgotten the Royal Library at Vienna for a few pages, in order to set before us a picture of Bohemian village life. We would hand over to the Appendix the heap of minute documents by which our author establishes his rectification of the date of Gluck's birth—the 2nd of July, 1714—if we might have their space filled by some lively picture of the world in which his genius struggled its way upwards. His father, who was a forester, living at Weidenwang, near Neumarkt, in the Ober-Palatinate, seems to have been merely a peasant; and as such, only able to give his son the average peasant's schooling. The child, Herr Schmid tells us, was hardened by being made to accompany his father through the wood bare-footed, even in winter weather. He was placed, from his twelfth to his eighteenth year, in the Jesuit seminary at Komotau. There he picked up some rudiments of musical education, learned to play on some instruments, and to assist in singing the Mass. Like the more promising order of country musicians, little Gluck found employment at holiday times in travelling round from village to village to assist in making such music as might be wanted. How differently are our composers trained now-a-days! We would gladly have seen tabulated, for their benefit, a few more of the facts and traits of this harsh and primitive life, and this rude and limited teaching,—in spite of which the boy managed to find some learning, and to get some reputation. Next come hints (for Herr Schmid's notices amount to little more) of his giving a concert on the *violin*, and of the manner in which his musical promise attracted the attention of the Lobkowitz family, into whose service Forester Gluck had entered. Under the auspices of these Bohemian nobles, Christopher was removed to Prague, where he sang and played in the Theatine Church, under the conduct of "the famous composer and organist, Czernohorsky." This professor is reported to have been one of the greatest Bohemian musicians of his time, who, after having served in the Church of St. Antony of Padua, with its four organs, returned to Prague, where he trained many distinguished pupils,—among whom were Segert, Czeslaus, Tuma, and Zach. Master and

pupils are now alike forgotten! But the above meagre notice, derived from the 'Biographie' of M. Fétis, indicates that a page might have been judiciously devoted to Gluck's preceptor by Herr Schmid. While under the wing of the noble patronage referred to, Czernohorsky's most famous scholar was heard by Count Melzi, a Lombard nobleman, who was so captivated by the youth's talent as to nominate him chamber-musician,—to take him to Milan,—and to place him under Sammartini for the completion of his education. By filling up these naked outlines, any one having due understanding of the privileges of a biographer could have made lively and instructive pictures,—and this without resorting to the style conjectural, so felicitously but so fallaciously employed by Godwin, in his 'Life of Chaucer.' But of the features or humours which would give his subject universal interest, Herr Schmid seems to have a profound disregard or a provoking ignorance; and the reader is left for himself to divine how, betwixt the imperfections of home-training and sudden exposure to the ripening influence of Italy, one of the most individual geniuses whom the world has ever seen was placed in circumstances where development became possible.

Certain critics and thinkers, who have declared that Gluck never was a perfect musician (in the degree to which Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn may be described as perfect), might refer the alleged limitations of his knowledge to the restricted opportunities of his early years, followed by that incessant course of stage production which gives the master no time to complete his scholarship on that stern and solid basis of contrapuntal knowledge, without which there is no musical salvation or omnipotence. Other observations, of more universal interest, are suggested by the facts of Gluck's career.

Those enthusiasts who maintain that youth has the monopoly of the brightest outpourings of genius,—who demand that imagination should manifest itself in one form and at one epoch of life,—and who thus discourage all such aspirants in Art as cannot arrive at originality till after time has brought them experience,—must be considerably puzzled by the example of Gluck. Let us run over the list of his operas. The first, 'Artaserse,' was produced in 1741. To this followed, 'Demofonte,' 'Demetrio,' 'Ipermestra,' 'Fedra,' 'Poro.' Next came, 'La Caduta dei Giganti,' which was written for London, in glorification of our Duke of Cumberland's victory over the Pretender in 1745. On this opera the English critic may excusably pause, since its production not merely marked an epoch in its writer's progress, but connects itself with the story of music and manners in England by more than one link. Gluck assured Burney that he was led, during his short stay in England, to study the power wielded by Handel, who, having given up operas, was then writing 'Judas,' in commemoration of "Culloden field," and that this study induced him to alter and to simplify his own manner. But Gluck's study must have been carried on in fear and trembling. Those were days when the London people could behave ferociously to foreigners, and an opera riot was expected on the night when 'La Caduta' was to be played first. This was averted; nevertheless, the opera did not succeed. Politics ran high in the world of fashion. State trials and executions for high treason involved and interested a good third of the noble patrons of the musical drama. Then Lord Middlesex, the responsible manager, seems to have had the usual amount of managerial capital and integrity. He quarrelled with every one, save his own favourite dancer,—and shut

the Opera House without paying his artists. Gluck's opera, however, was strongly cast, including, among other artists, *Signora Frasi*, Monticelli (an artificial *soprano*), and Jozzi, the same singer who subsequently palmed off Alberti's 'Harpichord Lessons' on the London amateurs as his own compositions. *La Violetta too* (afterwards Mrs. Garrick) danced in the *ballet*. Their names are merely strung together, to suggest the amount of matter which a biography like this might have yielded had it been thoroughly wrought out and genially studied. Similar anecdotes and recollections might possibly have been gathered with regard to other of the following long list of his forgotten productions. The operas produced by Gluck after he left England were, 'Artamene,' 'Piramo e Tisbe,' 'La Semiramide Riconosciuta,' 'Telemacco,' 'La Clemenza di Tito,' 'Le Cinesi,' 'Il Trionfo di Camilla,' 'Antigono,' 'La Danza,' 'airs for a pastoral,' 'Les Amours Champêtres,' 'L'Innocenza Giustificata,' 'Il Rè Pastore,' new airs for a comic opera, 'Le Chinois poli en France,' new tunes for a 'Déguisement Pastoral,' 'airs for 'L'Isle de Merlin,' for 'La Fausse Esclave,' for 'Cythérée Assiégée,' for 'L'Yvrogne Corrigé,' 'Tétide,' and airs for 'Le Cadi dupé.' Here we have twenty years of labour, and it is not till we come to 1761—till the master was forty-seven years of age—that we arrive at the first theatrical production by him which makes any specific figure in musical history. This is what Dr. Burney calls "the famous *ballet* of 'Don Juan,'" which, however famous in its time, has been only of late inquired after as a curiosity, because antiquaries have hinted that this *ballet* contains suggestions afterwards wrought out in Mozart's immortal opera. Twenty years of little-prized toil and partial success,—thirty important stage works had not worn into nothingness the invention of this great inventor,—nor, so far as we know, had indicated the course which it would ultimately take. The few fragments of Gluck's earlier opera-music which have reached us seem timid and stiff, constructed to suit the mode, but without such fascination of melody or choiceness of figurative passage as were studied by or came unsought to the Italian composers who then commanded the European stages,—Hasse, Jomelli, and others.—For it may be observed, parenthetically, that Handel's operas, in which may be discerned the germ of a nobler manner, did not travel far from our capital, where they were written.—Gluck then was destined to illustrate a principle entirely opposed to the canons of those who apportion set seasons in a poet's life to Imagination's seed-time and harvest. He might have been sent into the world to show that persistence is one element of originality and individuality,—that, whereas some arrive quickly, others only reach the goal after timid and halting steps, wearily interrupted.

When, however, the goal was reached by the production of 'Alceste,' the master took his place like a giant among giants—a place from which no subsequent caprices and changes of Art—no innovations, no discoveries, no revolutions in the schools of vocal or orchestral music have been able to move him. The four Greek operas of Gluck,—his 'Orfeo,' 'Alceste,' and two 'Iphigenias,' and his fairy opera 'Armide,' have withstood the assaults of time better than any other serious stage-music in existence, Mozart's 'Don Juan' excepted. It is true that they are not heard perpetually. Antique and classical dramas are, possibly, not to be established as a frequent attraction with the opera-goers of Europe. But Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' though it is not often performed, keeps the stage,—and Gluck's four Greek operas rise, in music,

to the height of that play, in drama. Let them be compared with the Greek opera of Gluck's more popular successor—the 'Idomeneo' of Mozart—and the later work will sound mannered and obsolete,—less grandiose, though more elaborate,—less striking in the beauty and majesty of its forms, though more luxurious in the colour with which every portion of it is suffused. These great operas of Gluck can be sparingly presented, because such artists as the public would now accept for tragic heroes and heroines are rare. We cannot believe that Mlle. Sophie Arnould and MM. Legros and Larrivée, who were the beloved of Paris in the days when the "*urlo Francese*" had not ceased to be the reproach of French singers, would now be endured there for the most admirable show of dramatic propriety. Since Madame Milder's death there has been no *prima donna* in Germany capable of satisfying eye and ear in these difficult but grand characters. Madame Schroeder-Devrient was too romantic; Mlle. Wagner hardly possesses the requisite voice, being a *soprano* by force, and not by nature. Remembering the admirable singing of Mlle. Lind in 'La Vestale' of Spontini, we might have looked for a rendering of Gluck's daughter-heroine, if not his wife-heroine, had she remained on the stage, and had she been willing to work in operas of combination; but where has been the *Orestes* or the *Admetus* fit to appear with her,—where the poet, tragedian, and singer in one? And yet, wretchedly as these operas are under-sung and under-acted by the flashy, violent, thoughtless folk who now are (and, possibly, have always been) the staple members of operatic companies, it is observable that wherever Gluck's music is given with general care and scenic propriety (as at Berlin), their effect is as great as it was at the first moment of their appearance. Our own columns have recorded, on the testimony of correspondents totally different in training, taste, and temperament, the rapture (such word is no caricature) excited by the Prussian presentments of 'Armide' and 'Alceste.' If Gluck's five operas are not more frequently given, it is not because they have grown old, so much as because executive art has sunk low, and because a taste for the poetical and antique is not a paying commodity for which managers cater, and to meet which artists educate themselves.

Gluck had scarcely announced his new style of composition, in which all the studies and desires and experiences of many years were, so to say, summed up and expressed, than the fame thereof reached Paris, and he was summoned to France, as the man of men whom the *salons* wanted—a man of genius, a man of system, a man of antagonism, all in one!—a man, moreover, whose genius, system, and self-assertion precisely chimed in with the moods and sympathies of a large number of French philosophers and thinkers and lovers of Art. To enter into any of the details or anecdotes touching the great controversy of Gluck *versus* Piccini would be superfluous,—since the subject has been a favourite one, especially with those who, holding Swift's contempt for "*Tweedledum*" and "*Tweedle-dee*," have loved to dwell upon it as one more folly of Parisian Fashion—who, one year would deck her hair with a kitchen towel for a turban, and another would be found playing with a *pantin*, and a third would seriously devote herself to the profitable labour of picking gold-lace to pieces! Doubtless, there was much nonsense in the strife,—no lack of people who screamed for the sake of screaming, and who took up Gluck as merely a new peg for their philosophy or new whetstone for their wit, without having the slightest care for chord or for discord. But there was a certain amount

of truth and of principle at the bottom of the effervescence. In all the historical accounts of this Gluck and Piccini quarrel—a quarrel rather brewed for the antagonistic composers than by them—it has been too universally overlooked that the contest was not one betwixt a German and an Italian composer, so much as a struggle to maintain French opera in its old spirit, though in a modern dress. Folly and fashion—the Court and the Court's enemies—the latter rapidly rising into acrimony and activity,—brought into the King's and the Queen's corner at the *Académie* as much irrational folly, on their respective sides, as we have heard vented in London drawing-rooms concerning the unprecedented perfections of Mlle. Jenny Lind, or the right of Signor Mario to be capricious and sing indolently. But, apart from all partizanship—setting aside those who wished to affront Marie Antoinette through her German *protégé*, and allowing for the preferences of those less virulent folk, whose musical taste amounted to only an appetite for melody—the real matter in debate resolved itself into the question whether or not the requirements of Music, as an art of symmetry and number—an art which included vocal seduction as well as scientific knowledge—could be conciliated with those stage-properties, or conventions, or unties, for which the French have been always such sturdy sticklers. What Gluck perfected, Lulli and Rameau had both indicated—and both had submitted their genius to the requisitions of the public for which they wrought,—even as in later years Sacchini, Spontini, Signor Rossini, and M. Meyerbeer have been compelled—have *been* content—to do. The controversy, of course, was complicated by references to that mischievous document, Gluck's well-known preface to 'Alceste,'—for mischievous is that document beyond most stage prefaces, announcing as it does theories and purposes which were *not*, in practice, respected by the composer himself. After having announced "war to the knife" against the whole race of singers and their requirements—after having declared his resolution not to flatter the ear by *Da copos*, *ritornels*, and such like prettinesses—the student might naturally expect to find an entire renunciation of all constituted forms in Gluck's stage works. He will in proportion be puzzled on seeing that the only essential difference betwixt 'Alceste' and other operas of its time lies in the weight, grandeur, and vivacity given to its chorus, in the surpassing beauty and brilliancy of its *airs de ballet*, and in the composer's abstinence from passages of florid exhibition or expression. There is no abrogation of form in it,—no absence of melody,—no education of the ear by the discipline of disappointment, which, in deference to stage-truth (so called), withholds that which the ear has expected. Though Gluck talked loudly of Drama, he wrote as a musician,—and Music is a science of numbers as well as an art of beauty. Take the one and the other away, and neither science nor art is left,—a coarse, brute noise, little superior in pertinence, or in the intellectual and poetical satisfactions it awakens, to the shrieks of the savage or the "harsh saw of the carpenter," is all that will remain.

To proceed a few lines further.—Let us preach that the folly of preaching against conventionality in an entertainment so inevitably conventional as opera, can be proved, from the very works of the school, the boast of which has been to maintain dramatic truth and propriety as the requisites and principles most necessary to the work of Art. Those who could protest most loudly against the *cavatina* or *rondo*, which was introduced to flatter the vanity of favourite singers, nevertheless admitted *chaconne*, *menuetto*, *sarabanda*, *bourrée*, and every

other arbitrary and formal composition of the kind, in order to exhibit and indulge the dancers,—mere episodic creatures thrust into the musical drama as so many pageant-figures. Thus also, the innovators of modern Germany, who boast it is to employ the truth-and-nature principle broached by Gluck, in its most extreme and severe rigidity, while they ignore vocal fascination and accomplishment as so much meretricious "sing-song," labour at orchestral complication, delicacy—in a word, at instrumental convention. The *tenor* or *soprano* who indulges in a trill is denounced by them as a fool, or worse,—the composer who permits a vocal scale to disfigure his score, is held to be frivolous and ignorant. But the flute may shake whenever orchestral brilliancy requires it, and the horsehair may be worn off the violin bows in racing through passages chromatic or diatonic, without any one seeming to recollect that "biling and cooing" are as untruthful to Nature before, as they are behind, the foot-lights; and that if *Desdemona* is forbidden to rush up or down two octaves of demi-semiquavers in her song, the prohibition might consistently be applied to the stringed instruments that support *Desdemona* in the course of her terror and despair. There are, in every art, ebbs and flowings—periods during which means and ends are strangely confounded. During these, Indolence is allowed to wear the frown of false severity, and because it will not take the pains to discover, to learn and select, is permitted to denounce every charm and beauty as mere superficial prettiness. But even during these periods there must be in some points vast concessions—somewhere counterbalances admitted in arbitrary disproportion. The Pre-Raphaelites who enjoy uncouthness of form, revel in gorgeous variety of colour. The fact of one quality or feature being dwelt on to excess does not establish its inherent monstrosity. When Gluck's *tirades* against the follies of vocal exhibition are used perpetually as text to a crusade against vocal art, they may be pointed out as mischievous,—and doubly so as having been vented by an opera-composer who conceded, as much as did ever Hasse, or Gaiuppi, or Vinci, to the limitations which it suited his fancy and the feeling of his public, to respect.

We have expatiated on this passage of Gluck's life—on the real meaning and bearing of his efforts, and the controversy to which they gave rise,—because, at the time present, distorted sense and specious nonsense are endeavouring, by misuse of the old party cries, to upturn Music under pretext of regenerating it.—There is little trace of other than opera-music by Gluck. Herr Schmid, it is true, mentions a 'De Profundis,' and confirms the anecdote lately circulated of the composer having taken up the 'Hermannschlacht' of Klopstock as a task. But he faltered over it, and, like his opera of 'Les Danaïdes,' which Salieri was commissioned to finish, it was left incomplete at his death.

All that we know concerning Gluck as a man is attractive rather than otherwise. The days in which he lived were days when kings and rulers wore authoritative wigs—days when fame and greatness were asserted by a tyrannical and solemn behaviour. The Johnsonian humour tinged other worlds besides the literary circles who frequented our London clubs and coffee-houses. The great musicians were not all of them sheepish idiots, or coxcombical fops, or repulsive bores, when they were taken away from their organs or fiddles. Some of the monarchs in Art were able to stand face to face with Rank and Intellect, without discredit to their pursuits. Handel was a man of thought,

of pertinent replies and poetical sallies, as well as a hero of chords and of pedals. Bach gathered round him an amount of personal respect which no reputation for special science alone could have secured to him. Gluck is described by Burney as pompous, but intelligent,—showing an obliging cordiality to those by whom he felt himself appreciated. He seems at Vienna to have kept the best company. At Paris he was dragged into the whirlpool of wit and repartee, philosophical definition and paradoxical rhapsody, without being taken off his feet or losing his head. Some arrogance there must have been in him,—some self-confidence and self-occupation,—to have borne him through so many years of doubtful success and undecided creation. But he was amiable in his home and high-minded as concerns his art. These being Gluck's position and qualities, it must seem strange to persons who have given the peoples of Germany credit for an enthusiastic love of their great men, on the strength of their sentimental protestations, that the memory of Gluck should have been so utterly neglected in Vienna, that his burial-place, like his birth-place, was till lately a matter of doubt. We "put our poets in a corner," it is true, (as Mr. Jerrold's heroine innocently remarked the other day),—but we also keep an altar of constancy for them in the affections of ourselves and of our children's children. Our "cousins" are more fickle, it may be feared. If they come back to an old shrine, it is sometimes with as much condescension to ancestral superstition as reverence for the faith of their forefathers.—Books, however, like Herr Schmid's must be accepted as testimonies on the sounder side of the argument. It is tiresome, but it is sincere in its reverence.

The Dead Sea a new Route to India; with other Fragments and Gleanings in the East. By Capt. William Allen, R.N. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

Capt. Allen's volumes are composed of papers read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Geographical Society. In these days of a teeming press the great object of a writer should be rather to condense than to expand; and without denying to Capt. Allen the merit of some original thoughts and much useful observation, we must regret that he has not condensed his work into one volume, and that of smaller dimensions.

His principal object in writing, as stated in the preface and in page 301 of the second volume, was "to call attention to the extraordinary nature of the Dead Sea, to account for its probable formation, and to show how it may be made the means of communication with our East Indian possessions." Before coming, however, to any mention of this principal subject, the reader has to wade through the greater part of the first volume, 224 pages of which are filled with brief notes of places in Malta, Lycia, and the *Ægean*, already fully described by former travellers. The second volume has little or no reference to the Dead Sea as a communication with India, and in addition to the circumstance that one chapter at least has already appeared elsewhere, we are informed, in a note, "the route we are about to travel has been so often described that the reader is, doubtless, well acquainted with it,"—an intimation which at once takes off the reader's edge.

The author's theory with regard to the Dead Sea is, that "its basin was, at some very remote period, analogous in most respects with the Gulf of Akabah: that is, it was a gulf filled with water from the ocean by reason of its communication through a strait at Akabah, in the same way as the latter is filled from the Red

Sea through the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb." He makes the surface of the Dead Sea, which is in parts 225 fathoms deep, 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and regards the whole valley, from the base of Mount Hermon to Akabah, as a long fissure caused by volcanic action, which action, by upheaving the country to the south of the Mare Mortuum, separated it from the sea. Subsequently, evaporation reduced the Dead Sea to its present limits, and this evaporation explains the greater saltiness of its water in comparison with that of the ocean. Regarding the depressed line of country from Mount Hermon to Akabah as a canal made ready to our hands by nature, Capt. Allen proposes to connect it with the Mediterranean on one side by a canal dug through the Plain of Esdraëlon from the bay of Acre, following in part the course of the stream Kishon to the river Jordan, a little above Beisan; and, on the other side, with the Red Sea by a canal from near Akabah to the Dead Sea. The whole length to be dug would be about fifty miles; but Capt. Allen relies much on the force which would be exerted by the sea, in acting upon so great a depression, to clear out and widen a channel once commenced. Supposing a ship canal to have been thus made, the next question is, how is commerce to be protected from those enemies of all progress and most ancient of all conservatives, the wandering Arab tribes? The author sees this difficulty, and proposes to fortify each extremity of the canal, and garrison one end with Turks and English—the other with Turks and French. He labours hard to show the advantage of this gigantic project over the simpler one of a canal at Suez. We confess, however, that his reasoning does not appear to us triumphant. One of the principal arguments in support of his scheme is, that it would aid in the restoration of the Jews to their country. He says, "Who so proper to do the work, which will bring commerce to the gates of Jerusalem, as the Israelites?"—"Who so proper to people the land of their inheritance as those to whom it is again promised." Indeed, independently of this project, the Plain of Esdraëlon would be the fittest part for the experiment of colonization, because it is almost unoccupied, and is so fertile that, with good cultivation, there is a certainty that it would maintain a large population. It is associated with all their historical recollections, as well as with the promises of the future; and it is sufficiently distant from Jerusalem to prevent the jealousy of the Turks, who, with their present prejudices, would not allow the Jews privileges in the city which they themselves account holy.

If these views be correct, the proposed undertaking may fairly be left to the consideration of the shrewd and indefatigable people who are likely to derive the greatest benefits from it. It will hardly be imagined that, at the present crisis, the English Government is likely to supply funds or labourers for the experiment.

It is to be regretted that more pains have not been taken with the printing of these volumes. Such mistakes as "Gotefend," "locolotry," "Nabothians," we are unwilling, of course, to impute to ignorance, but they are of such frequent occurrence as to throw some discredit on the work.

On the Uses and Application of Cavalry in War, from the Text of Bismark, with Practical Examples selected from Antient and Modern History. By N. L. Beamish. Boone.

Count Bismark's work on cavalry is almost as popular among military men in England as in Germany. Mr. Beamish has interwoven with it a series of historical illustrations and criticisms,

chiefly compiled from compilations. His special studies, however, on strategy and tactics entitle him to write with authority. Nor could the subject be more opportunely discussed than now, when all arms of the service are entering upon a process of reform,—and when the want of cavalry in some instances, and the misuse of it in others, have entailed great disasters on the nation.

As learning was once confined to priests, so military science was once confined to soldiers by profession. Recently, however, civil opinions on affairs of the camp and field have been found to carry more weight than the dogmas of the martinet, whose ideas are all of the "regulation" height. Consequently, books on the art of war have a chance of becoming popular. The value of earthworks in union with masonry—the importance of gun-boats in addition to a fleet of heavy hulls—the necessity of improved weapons and light equipments:—these are matters on which every intelligent person, who reflects on the meaning of events, may form a tolerably accurate judgment. War, therefore, is no longer the mystery of a craft, revealed only to the wearers of sword and sash: it is a great trial of strength and skill, and its leaders appeal to the opinions of the world. In truth, no science can be taught in technicalities, and most sciences in their mere laws and axioms become transparent when studied in the vulgar tongue. War, for instance, is a game, governed by philosophy, but only to be played successfully by men of natural genius. An officer might commit to memory every rule of the service and every maxim of its wisest masters, yet be incompetent to plant a battalion in the field. Another, familiar with the history of his art and possessed of the *coup-d'œil*, might supersede the plans of veteran generals by novel and daring combinations of his own, opposed to practice and authority. In this *coup-d'œil*, however, a perfect physical vision is not essential. Alexander the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Second, and Napoleon were short-sighted. Dumourier was nearly blind when he was last employed. Davoust, when, at the battle of Auerstadt, he beat an army nearly double his own in size, could see neither the enemy nor the position they held,—and Zisca, the Hussite general, exalted by Mosheim, gained his most celebrated victories, at Kamnitz and Ausig, when totally blind. Mr. Beamish has collected some remarks on this circumstance.—

"Ne pouvant," says Folard, 'plus voir par les yeux du corps, il voit très clair des yeux de l'esprit.' Giliip after describing the wound which so nearly proved fatal to the veteran, thus continues:—"He was now totally blind; his friends, therefore, were surprised to hear him talk after his recovery, of setting out for the army, and did what was in their power to dissuade him from it, but he continued resolute." At the battle of Kamnitz, January 13, 1422, he appeared in the centre of his first line, guarded, or rather conducted by a horseman on each side, armed with a pole-axe. When his officers informed him that the ranks were all well closed, he waved his sabre round his head, which was the signal for battle, and his troops, rushing to the charge, completely defeated the Imperial army."

And yet, that a man can be a magnificent soldier, without the faculty of initiation, Murat proved.—

"Murat," said Napoleon, "was a most singular character. He loved, I may rather say, he adored me. With me, he was my right arm—without me, he was nothing. Order Murat to attack and destroy 4,000 or 5,000 men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; leave him to himself, he was an *imbécile* without judgment. In battle he was, perhaps, the bravest man in the world: his boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, covered with plumes and glittering with gold; how he escaped was a miracle, for from being so distinguished a mark,

every one fired at him. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat, and returned with his sabre dripping with the blood of those he had slain. He was a Paladin in the field, but in the cabinet, destitute of either decision or judgment."

Count Bismark affirms, with inevitable German egotism, that the Germans are the people who have brought cavalry to perfection, and executed with it the boldest enterprises. Mr. Beamish legitimately challenges this conclusion. The Pole, the Hungarian, and Mameluke cavalry have shown a prowess unsurpassed by any nation in the world,—and the Cossacks themselves deserve to rank with them. With his clouds of horsemen Hyder Ali gained the battles which threatened and terrified India; nor were the Spahis of Mount Hæmus incomparable with the bravest and most dextrous troops of Germany. Indeed, cavalry is irresistible in the hands of a general who knows when to use it, and how to hurl it forward with rapidity and precision.—

"The movement of cavalry at a trot is three times quicker than that of infantry in quick march; therefore Ziethen's answer to his king applies to a cavalry general.—'The moment I see the enemy my dispositions are already made.'"

Ziethen was one of the favourite generals of Frederick the Great, and colonel of the renowned "Death's Head Hussars." He served for upwards of seventy years. The charge of his cavalry is said by the Germans to have been like the fall of a thunderbolt. But, Count Bismark observes, "cavalry is never weaker, or easier to overcome, than after a successful charge." Both men and horses have strained their powers to the utmost. However, he proceeds to show that boldness "wine-inspired"—equivalent to recklessness—has sometimes led to victory. The battle of Kollin, says Bretschneider, was gained because Col. von Benken-dorf had just emptied a bottle.—

"Scarce had he finished his bottles, when lo! the aide-de-camp of Field-Marshal Daun rode along the front, bringing an order for all commanders of brigades and regiments to retire, naming the point of re-assembly. He had scarcely gone when Colonel von Benken-dorf rode up to the top of the hill, and coming back with a red face, called out,—'The enemy are coming on!—those that wish may retire; but let all brave fellows follow me!' So we all followed him, for we were all brave fellows. We Saxons rushed in upon the infantry and cut them to pieces; the Austrian regiment St. Ignon, which stood by us, followed our example, and so, by degrees, the whole of Nadasti's cavalry. The battle was gained. If we had followed the aide-de-camp's directions, it would have been lost. Now comes the grand problem:—Would Colonel von Benken-dorf have taken this daring step if he had not finished his last bottle?"

Müller declares that the Grenadiers who stormed the bridge of Lodi drank deep of brandy before they made the attempt. We all remember how the Russians were "primed" for their day's work at Inkermann.

For cavalry Count Bismark and Mr. Beamish recommend the lance. On this subject their instructions are in a calmer style than those of Suvaroff.—

"It is a mistake to suppose that driving the lance with great force forward is the best mode of doing execution. The point should be delivered to the full extent of the arm, with an instantaneous jerk back, taking care in the first instance to judge the distance accurately, and thus the command of the weapon is retained."

It has been objected that the lancer, after one true aim, may lose his weapon.—

"Some exaggerated stories have been told to illustrate the difficulty of extracting the lance, as if the object of the lancer should be to *impale* his opponent, but the fact is, that a well instructed and expert lancer always withdraws the point immediately after its delivery, or the party assailed gives way, and the lancergalloping onward frees his point. An eye-witness

of the cavalry charge at Aliwal related to the writer an instance where one of the 16th drove his lance, at a gallop, into the head of a Sikh, who fell dead with a small wound in the forehead, without any halt or difficulty on the part of the lancer in extracting his point: in fact, the effect of *gravity* alone must prevent any such consequences as those unfavourable to the use of the lance appear to apprehend. No doubt exceptional cases have occurred, and one instance is recorded of a lancer of the 16th transfixing his adversary and then being unable to withdraw his point; but such occasions are extremely rare."

The question between Lord Raglan and the Earl of Lucan is discussed by Mr. Beamish, who considers that Lord Lucan understood his orders as nine cavalry officers out of ten would have understood them. Kruxhausen said that "an ounce of good luck was worth a pound of wit"; but the luck was wanting at Balaklava.

Mr. Beamish has contributed to the military library an intelligent and instructive volume, though his illustrations are not so interesting or so original as might have been expected.

Principles of Agricultural Chemistry. By Justus von Liebig. Walton & Maberly.

SINCE the publication of his last book on agriculture, and his experiments with mineral manures, we have somewhat lost sight of Prof. Liebig; and there were not a few of the old school of farmers who attributed this to the failure of his theories, and the worthlessness of his manures. In this work, however, he gives abundant evidence that he has not abandoned his theories; and that if his mineral manures have not succeeded, it has been not because he was too scientific, but because those who used them were incapable of understanding their application. The immediate cause of the publication of this work has been a desire to correct the errors into which Mr. Lawes, of Berk-hampstead, had been betrayed in relating some experiments he had performed with various kinds of manures. Like many other farmers, Mr. Lawes appears to have mistaken Prof. Liebig, and to have been unable to draw correct inferences from the results of his experiments. It is not our province to enter upon the merits of this question; but those interested in agriculture or in vegetable physiology will not fail to be instructed by this part of Prof. Liebig's book.

The volume, however, is chiefly valuable as containing, in a series of fifty propositions, what may be regarded as the *Principles of Agricultural Chemistry*. To say that these are precisely the same as those contained in his previous work would be no credit to Prof. Liebig. They are, in fact, the result of increased knowledge and experience. It appears to us very evident that Prof. Liebig formerly stated too broadly that the carbonic acid gas and ammonia required by plants was supplied by the atmosphere, and all that plants needed at the hand of the farmer was mineral manure. He now says, in one of his propositions (14):—"By the progressive decay of animal manure the animal and vegetable remains, of which it chiefly consists, are converted into carbonic acid and ammoniacal salts, and thus constitute an active source of carbonic acid, which renders the air and the water which pass through the soil richer in carbonic acid than they would be without the presence of these remains." Here is a distinct recognition of manure as a source of carbonic acid and ammonia. It may still, however, we think, be questioned whether these substances are the result of the "progressive decay" of the animal manure laid on the soil. The old farmer still keeps his manure till all decay is over, and the land thus manured yields as large an increase as when the manure is decaying. The source of the ammonia and

carbonic acid supplied by this manure is the atmosphere. The rotten manure is, in fact, a powerful absorbent of these gases, and it supplies the plant. Prof. Liebig was right when he maintained that the atmosphere was the source of the organic elements; but he was wrong when he supposed that these could be supplied to plants without such an absorbent agent as the decayed manure. It appears to us that sufficient attention has not been paid to the physical properties, more especially the absorbent powers, of the different substances composing soils.

It is evident that we are approaching a period in the history of agriculture, when the produce of the soil, within certain limits, will be almost entirely under the control of man. Already, where farmers are not living under the law of "rotation of crops," the same crop has been grown several years in succession; and in a few years the farmer will know no other law than that of producing the crop which pays best. Already hundreds of thousands of pounds are annually spent in manures that a few years ago were not known. The produce of the soil has in many instances been doubled and tripled by their application. Even the farmer is beginning to see that a knowledge of the nature of the materials on which he employs his skill is likely to increase his power and control over them; and when the farmer shall have learnt how to combine the studies of the physiologist and the chemist, then—but not till then—may we expect to realize the blessing of the earth yielding to man her full increase.

Asiatic Chiefs. By J. Szeredy, Noble of Szered. Vol. I. Longman & Co.

IN this volume, M. Szeredy has commenced a series of sketches which may properly be called the *Romance of Magyar History*. His plan is slight, imaginative, oriental. Instead of teaching History in a severe and critical spirit—examining all things, with a special jealousy of poetic details—he is fond of weaving threads of love, of song, and of adventure with the harder textures of war and conspiracy. The glow of the East is on every page. An oriental atmosphere—splendid, panoramic, Turneresque—floats above us as we read; the world ceases to appear prosaic; the past resolves itself into a splendid legend; and life assumes the poetic varieties of the 'Arabian Nights.' From the pen of a Western writer all this would be absurd enough. In the hands of a Magyar, a warrior, and an exile, it seems natural and proper. The Eastern cast of the book is, indeed, its especial charm.

M. Szeredy, like a true story-teller, begins at the beginning—with Adam. The Magyars, he tells us, are descended from Magor, the grandson of Nimrod; but the evidence would scarcely satisfy the Heralds' College. Your oriental, however, is nothing unless enthusiastic. Speaking of his native tongue, our author says:—

"The Hungarian language is especially remarkable for its conciseness, and is admirably adapted to express all the various phases of human emotion. On the tribune, it rolls like thunder from the lips of the patriotic orator, and the duldest mind is aroused from its lethargy. From the mouth of the poet, who soars on the wings of inspiration, it sounds now as the triumphant song of the rising lark, when the theme is of liberty; now as the warbling of the nightingale, when the lay is of love, its pains and its pleasures. No other language has such lofty expressions for the feelings of love and patriotism, and never has their magic failed to touch the heart of the genuine Magyar."

The story is carried down from Magor, the grandson of Nimrod, to the present day—or

rather to the last generation—in this first volume. We will select a specimen illustrative of the author's manner of treating the history of his country.—

"The Magyar is no less brave and daring than he is faithful; who can deny it? He despises death, and with lion-like courage rushes into the fight, and presents his breast to the fire of his enemy. When summoned to defend his liberties, his homestead, or his country from the hands of despots, who daringly threaten to desecrate or to overthrow the hallowed monuments of his forefathers, then his affectionate spouse begets him with the sword of his ancestors, imprints a kiss upon his brow, cheers him on to the combat, and bestows another kiss as a farewell pledge of love. But, if he returns not with a hero's laurels, then do no tears of her fidelity and affection bedew his grave. Faithful and true of heart are the women of Hungary! Like a pure unspotted lily in the lonely vale blooms the fair Magyar, and woe to the rude hand that would dare to touch her roughly. Whilst her husband or her lover, abroad on the blood-sodden plains of battle, is playing with the dice of death, she sits at home spinning in her solitary chamber, or ascends to the loftiest point of the castle turret, and looks forth into the distance to see if her chosen one is yet returning home. We will here attempt to describe the fidelity of a Magyar lady of bygone days. At the time that Prince Francis Rákóczy placed himself at the head of the Hungarian patriots, in order to deliver his native land from the tyranny of the Hapsburg race, there was a Frenchman named Longueval, an officer in the Imperial service, who was one of the conspirators. Longueval was young, handsome, and witty, well skilled in all active exercises and knightly arts, the most versatile in all the pleasures of society. But few women could resist the lightning-glance of his dark blue eye, or the fascinating persuasiveness of his conversation. The charm of his attractive manner, however, was lost upon the steely heart of a Magyar lady. During his frequent visits to the prince's castle at Munkács, Longueval had often seen Rákóczy's wife, Amalia. He, the ready-witted, ardent, and ever-successful Frenchman, who had been accustomed to play with the hearts of women, now felt, for the first time, the full force of love. But what could his beauty, his wit, and his persuasive eloquence avail against the spouse-loving wife of a Magyar? It was a delightful summer evening. The sun had sunk down behind the distant violet-coloured peaks of the Tatra mountains. All nature seemed hushed in soft repose, and nought was heard save the murmur of the evening breeze, and the mysterious rustling of the leaves amidst the forest which surrounded Munkács. Rákóczy had gone with several friends to Transylvania, in order there to hasten forward the organization of the conspirators, and to make preparations for a speedy insurrection. In a large and airy saloon of the castle sat the princess Amalia, and looked out from the richly decorated windows upon the slumbering face of nature. Her rich golden hair fell in waving tresses upon her neck, whilst it shaded her fair brow and rosy-tinted countenance. A tender yet mournful sadness was depicted on her countenance, and from time to time a tear glistened in her beautiful eye. She wept over the fate of her native land, which was now oppressed by the Austrians more severely than ever. She seemed to gaze unconsciously into the open air, till her attention was at length aroused by the loud and rapid footfalls of a horse advancing at full speed. Her eyes wandered along the avenue which led to the castle, until she descried a horseman. Within a few moments he had reached the court-yard, and soon after he entered the saloon itself. It was Longueval. He sat down beside the princess, and spoke of the sad condition of Hungary. The words flowed as if by inspiration from his lips, and the praises which he bestowed upon the Magyars, and the exhortations which he heaped upon the Hapsburg race, found a ready echo in the heart of the Hungarian lady. She approved of his views, and her words fell in unison with his own. Glowing with enthusiasm she sprang up, and with a sudden ebullition of feeling, and with a tender glance, she held out to him her hand. Longueval misinterpreted this act of friendship and gracious courtesy. He fell upon his

knee, seized her hand, and covered it with ardent kisses. The princess, confused and terrified by this unexpected behaviour, had not the strength to withdraw her hand, and could not even find words for the moment to disabuse him of his error. Rendered still bolder by her silence, Longueval spoke to her of the love which he felt, and which for a long time had consumed him. He besought her to fly with him to a more peaceful and happier land, where, remote from war and strife, they might live together for love alone. It was only now that the princess found speech and strength. With a fierce and withering glance she snatched her hand from his grasp, and recoiled a few steps. 'Traitor!' she exclaimed with a shrill voice of indignation, 'begone quickly from my sight, or you shall learn to know the anger of a Hungarian woman! You have offered insult to your friend, your companion in arms, your benefactor; you have insulted my husband in my person; heap not more infamy upon your head, and do not brave the command of a woman who despises you!' With shame and humiliation the Frenchman withdrew, but revenge was burning fiercely within his breast. He was resolved to satisfy it, even though the utter destruction of an entire nation should be the result. The princess could not summon resolution, on the return of her husband, to relate to him the whole affair, but she warned him against the treachery and faithlessness of Longueval. Rákóczy, however, and his other fellow-conspirators, placed such entire confidence in him, and found his aid so indispensable for the execution of their plans, that Longueval was now, as before, initiated into all the secrets of the conspiracy. Rákóczy had entered into concert with the French king, Lewis XIV., and had received from him a promise of military support and pecuniary aid. Accordingly, in the spring of the year 1701, Longueval was sent to Paris with letters from Rákóczy, which were to be delivered into the king's own hands. In these letters reference was made to the promised supplies, and a list of the conspirators was set forth at length. Now was the opportunity at hand which Longueval had so ardently coveted for the gratification of his revenge. He reached Vienna, gained access to the Emperor Leopold, and gave up to him the letters intended for the French king. Within a few days the chiefs of the conspiracy were seized and imprisoned. Rákóczy hereupon fled into Poland, where he made immediate preparations to take up arms, in order to save the immured patriots from their impending doom, and returned accordingly without delay from Poland back to Hungary."

A tendency to refer actions and events to the agency of beautiful women is a characteristic of the Eastern fancy. Scarcely an incident occurs in Magyar history which M. Szeredy cannot connect with the rise or fall of a personal passion. With him—and with his literary countrymen—the ladies are at the bottom of all intrigues, all adventures, all disasters.

M. Szeredy gives an account of the crown of St. Stephen:—assuredly the most adventurous and romantic crown in the world, and, therefore, the most famous. Volumes—even in our own day—have been written on the hiding and seeking, the buying and selling, the virtues and changes of this celebrated relic. Here is a picture of the thing itself, and an account of some of its earlier adventures.—

"Troy had her Palladium, which, fallen from heaven, afforded protection and safety to the city, and rendered her invincible against foreign foes. Rome also preserved a celestial gift in the temple of Vesta, and most of the cities of Greece boasted of a favour from the gods, represented by a visible pledge, which attached the people to the place of their birth, and inspired them with courage for its defence. The Palladium was carefully preserved in its temple; the priests alone were allowed to approach it. Its possession ensured the blessings of nature and of fortune, while its loss was a sign of misery and destruction. Willingly would every patriotic citizen have laid down his life for this national symbol; the precincts within the walls which enclosed it were deemed sacred, and the ancient Greek or Roman never spoke without veneration of the treasure, to which he clung with love and hope. Perhaps he had only seen it

once or twice in the course of a long life, and then only at a distance; perhaps he had never seen it at all—for it was only on great occasions, when the destiny of the whole nation was at stake, that it was unveiled to mortal eyes. Religion and policy combined to produce a symbol by which the super-sensual feeling of patriotic inspiration might be awakened even in the rudest breast, which could not be reached except by an appeal to the senses. Hungary had her symbol corresponding to the Palladium of the ancients—the crown of her kingdom; which, through the perfidy of the Hapsburgs, has often been bathed in Magyar blood, and is now laden with a curse. The crown of Hungary has long been a subject of antiquarian discussion; the main question being whether it is the genuine diadem sent from Rome to King Stephen, or one subsequently sent to Geisa I. from Greece. On this subject all sorts of argument have been raised, rather with the purpose of furthering the political views of the disputants, than with that of eliciting the actual truth. Avoiding this discussion, we come to a description of the crown itself. The crown is entirely of gold. It is inlaid with pearls and precious stones, and adorned with figures in beautifully coloured enamel. Not only from the inscription, but from the colour of the gold and the workmanship, it can be plainly seen that two parts, originally distinct, have been combined into one whole. The circle of the crown is of a pale yellow, and the edges are adorned with nearly three hundred Orient pearls of considerable size. At each of the four principal points in the circle is placed a sapphire of great weight. Only one of these sapphires is polished. The one in front—which is the largest—has a small oval stone on each side, the colour of which is too dark to be discerned in an unpolished state. The sapphire on the opposite side is surrounded by four dark-green stones, which have been cut in an oblong form. In the front of the circle there is also placed an oval medallion two inches and a half high, on the topmost edge of which is a large amethyst in the form of a heart. On each side of the medallion is a triangular peak, upon the highest point of which stands a pear-shaped sapphire. There is also a series of peaks adorned with pearls. In the deed which was signed when Queen Elizabeth pawned the crown to Frederick IV., and which was dated the 3rd August, 1440, are enumerated fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald, and three hundred and twenty pearls. The enamel paintings on the crown, which are in brilliant colours, possess more historical interest than the gems. They are explained by Greek inscriptions written in red and black. The largest of these is a medallion, which is placed in front, and represents the Redeemer with long dishevelled hair, and a book in his left hand, while two fingers of his right hand are raised as if to confer a benediction. Close to the head are the letters, I.C.X.C. Next to this, on the circle, is a figure of the archangel Michael, followed by others of Gabriel, St. George, and St. Demetrius. On the second medallion, which is placed somewhat lower, appears an Emperor with a crown upon his head, a cloak about his shoulders, a sceptre in his right hand, and a sword pointed downwards in his left. According to the Greek inscription, which is red, this is 'The Christian Emperor of Rome, Ducas.' The next painting bears a strong resemblance to the one preceding, for it also represents a crowned ruler. The crown, however, is of a different shape, and, instead of the sword, there is a short thick staff with the inscription, 'Constantino Porphyro Genitus, Roman Emperor.' Most remarkable of all is the next painting, representing a man with a peaked crown on his head, a long double or patriarchal cross in his right hand, and a sword pointed downwards in his left. The surrounding inscription designates this man Geobitzas (i. e., Geisa), King of the Turks. It is worthy of observation, that Geisa here appears with a crown and is called King, though, at the same time, when the Emperor Michael Ducas presented him with the crown, that is, in the year 1072, he was only a Duke. Representations of St. Kosmos and St. Damian, who may be known by their inscriptions, complete the circle of Greek paintings. From the lower rim of the circle hang nine golden chains, six inches long, each ending in a trefol of diamonds, and so arranged that the face of the wearer is left open. Above the circle rise four flat

arches, crossing each other at right angles. At their point of junction is a flat surface, on which is painted a figure of the Redeemer, closely resembling the one already described, though with this difference, that instead of an inscription there are representations of the sun and moon. In the middle of this a small round cross is fixed. The paintings on the arches represent the apostles John, Peter, James, Bartholomew, Andrew, Philip, and Thomas. All the artfully arranged arguments for the Romish-Byzantine origin of the crown may, after the above description, be regarded as mere disputes of historical writers, which have no foundation, since the crown itself incontestably shows its historical origin, and proves as false all that has been said to the contrary. This crown, to which were attached so many political privileges, passed through many adventures, when Queen Elizabeth, widow of the Emperor Albert, and mother of Ladislav V., King of Hungary, pledged the crown of King Stephen to the Emperor Frederick IV. of Hapsburg, whom she appointed guardian of her son. On the death of Wladislav in the battle of Varna, a deputation waited upon Frederick IV., at whose court young Ladislav resided, to request that he would now restore to them their lawful King, that he might be educated in Hungary. They also asked for the crown of King Stephen, that it might be used for the ceremony of the coronation. Throughout the whole early history of Hungary, we find so much importance attached to this particular diadem, that while a legitimate monarch was scarcely complete without it, its possession gave a kind of claim even to an intruding pretender. Thus, during the contest for the throne which followed the extinction of the male Arpad line, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the weak claimant, Otto of Bavaria, derived some accession of strength by obtaining the crown of St. Stephen from the King of Bohemia, whose father had carried it off. To secure its possession, he carried it with him in a small box, when he entered Hungary in the disguise of a travelling merchant, to elude the vigilance of his enemies. Its temporary loss, through the breaking of a thong which attached it to a saddle, occasioned the greatest alarm to the pretender, who, however, found it shortly afterwards, and was crowned in due form. Through the imprisonment of this same Otto by the waiwode of Transylvania, the crown of St. Stephen fell into new hands; and though Charles Robert the First, Angevine, King of Hungary, had been already crowned with another diadem at Buda, he did not deem his position thoroughly secure till he was again crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, which he recovered from the waiwode."

We have quoted enough from M. Szeredy's first volume to prove that here is a genuine book—dealing with an unworn and romantic subject in a new and animated style. For further details of the lives and sufferings, the loves and revenges of the Magyar people, we refer the reader to 'Asiatic Chiefs.'

The Theory and Practice of Banking: with the Elementary Principles of Currency, Prices, Credit, and Exchanges. By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq. Vol. I. Longman & Co.

THE first volume of this work, which is the only one at present published, is rather a treatise on the Wealth of Nations than on Banking. We are at a loss, for instance, to discover what there is in the principal subject of the work to justify a chapter of more than sixty pages on the Theory of Prices; nor do we see (save that the author overflows with that valour which "takes dead lions by the beard") why we should have been subjected to so many triumphant refutations of the errors of the late Corn Laws. We know it is very soothing to some men to hear their conquered foes abused; but we think that few will be able to restrain a laugh at our author's violence when gravely assured that he sees no moral difference between passing a protective Act of Parliament and "keeping armed retainers to rob unfortunate travellers," which, he incidentally informs us, was the custom of the barons of the Middle Ages. If the dis-

cussion of these matters, which are but preliminary, do not bear a very unfair proportion to the entire work, the treatise when finished will be a very 'Sir Charles Grandison' among commercial books.

It is obviously impossible here to institute any inquiry into the soundness of Mr. Macleod's views; and when the reader is informed that they differ materially from those of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Dugald Stewart, John Stuart Mill, Macculloch, and, we believe, every preceding author on the subject of Political Economy, we are sure he will admit the wisdom of abstaining from any attempt to do so, especially as Nature (in compensation, perhaps, for other perceptions which she has withheld) seems to have granted the full comprehension of such questions almost exclusively to gentlemen born north of the Tweed. Who is to decide when Scotchmen disagree?

Mr. Macleod strives to treat the monetary system more as a science than has hitherto been done, and, accordingly, commences with settling its definitions and axioms. His fundamental definition is this:—

"Currency and transferable debt are convertible terms: whatever represents transferable debt of any description is currency; and whatever material the currency may consist of, it represents transferable debt, and nothing else."

—Therefore, currency, in Mr. Macleod's opinion, consists of—

"1. Coined money: Gold, silver and copper.—2. Bills of Exchange, including Cheques.—3. Promissory Notes, including Bank Notes.—4. The sum standing at his credit in his Banker's books.—5. Private debts due to him."

—And, as our author considers coin as merely evidence of debt, he comes to the conclusion, that the amount of currency, or the circulating medium, in any country is the sum total of all the debts due to every individual in it.

Circulation is defined as "the amount of the sum total of all the transferences of the currency which take place"; hence, a single piece of money may add much to the circulation, for every time it is transferred it is an addition to it, though it is not an increase of the currency; and Mr. Macleod illustrates his position, that it is the rapid circulation of gold and silver, not their mere possession, that constitutes national wealth, by calling "currency the engine of circulation and industry its motive power; whichever species of industry drives the engine fastest most rapidly augments national opulence."

In the chapter on the Theory of Prices, our author lays it down "that the relation between supply and demand is the only regulator of prices"; and he considers price as a constant struggle between buyer and seller, in which the circumstances which compel one party to yield are the only measure of value at the time of the purchase. He quarrels with the phrase *market value* as commonly used to express the price actually to be obtained. Open competition cannot frequently be resorted to, and to express the price really paid our author introduces a new term, borrowed from astronomy, and calls it "*the instantaneous value*."

That credit is capital is another axiom here laid down, and seems to follow as a necessary consequence from the author's definition of currency which we have extracted. We have endeavoured very shortly to furnish some general idea of Mr. Macleod's doctrine, which, in the book before us, is expressed with great clearness and force. Some useful and, we believe, original algebraical formulæ for calculating discount will also be found in this work. In the last chapter a History of Banking from the earliest ages is commenced, and a very clear account of the Scotch system,—and the

cash credits which form the principal peculiarity of that system,—are given. We may add, that Mr. Macleod is averse to the existing legislative restrictions upon bankers, and thinks it worth his while to belabour another dead lion in the usury laws.

As we have said, Mr. Macleod differs on many points from the principal authorities on Political Economy. The cost of production regulates price, says Mr. Ricardo, and he talks much of "*the natural price*";—the value depends *not* on the cost of production, and *the natural price* is all moonshine, cries Mr. Macleod. Mr. Macculloch thinks the present term of copyright is long enough, that an extension would not benefit authors, and he illustrates his position. Our author says that Mr. Macculloch is wrong in his view, not happy in his argument, and still more unfortunate in the instance he gives. A bill of exchange is capital, says Mr. Macleod;—it is no such thing, cries Mr. Cobden, leading a powerful chorus of mercantile men.

We are fully aware of the importance of free discussion in such matters, but without descending to what our author terms "logomachy," we must express our opinion that his views might, with better chance of acceptance, have been more modestly expressed. When, after stating the opinion of Adam Smith, Mr. Macleod exclaims "did mortal man ever conceive such extravagant ideas?"—and again, when we find him considering it incredible that it should be necessary for him to enunciate a principle which is fatal to Sir Robert Peel's Banking Bill—we begin to doubt the author's ability. We know that neither Adam Smith nor Sir Robert Peel was a fool, and are led to consider what the man may be who can see so little in their views. Doubtless they may be wrong, but their opinions should be treated with respect. In the same spirit our author borrows a device from the locksmith, and finishes an argument with a challenge to all the world to pick his theory. Whether, like some of those whom he imitates, he may be made to repent these bold defiance, remains to be seen, but the form appears to us neither graceful nor convincing.

Another fault is the facility with which the author allows himself to be drawn aside into disquisitions which are not necessary in the present work. The question whether there was a metallic currency in Greece in the days of Homer,—the history of the monetary system of the Egyptians, and of the leather currency of the Carthaginians,—seem to us about as appropriate as an inquiry into the nature of King David's saltatory efforts would be in a treatise on dancing.

Lastly, we think the author is too fond of illustrating his arguments by throwing them into an arithmetical form:—for instance, the proposition that price varies directly as the intensity of the service, and inversely as the power of the buyer over the seller, does not require to be thrown into an arithmetical form in the following manner:—

Intensity of service rendered.
Price = —————
Power of buyer over seller.

While, however, we think that this treatise might be improved in form, and that it certainly might have been condensed, we recognize in it the production of a mind of considerable power and originality. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of the continuation of this treatise, which will treat more directly of the principal subject named in the title of the book,—a subject of importance at all times, to which recent events have given more than its usual interest.

A Woman's Romance—[*Le Roman d'une Femme*]. By Alexandre Dumas, Jun. Librairie Nouvelle, Paris.

DUMAS the younger aspires to the chair of historian of woman's frailties. If he paints now and then, as in the opening pages of this romance, the atmosphere and influences of human truth and sweetness, it is only to darken the rest of his work by strong contrasts. There is a charm in his light descriptions;—there is great dramatic force in his situations and his dialogue. He is a master of that art which leads the reader eagerly forward from the first to the final page of a story. He opens with the mysteries of virgin life, to lead the reader onward past the steps by which this purity of soul falls to the level of his *Demi-Monde*! With a story even more tragic than that of 'The Admiral's Daughter,' in 'Two Old Men's Tales,'—'A Woman's Romance' is a book that seizes powerfully upon the imagination—that makes the heart ache. The force is almost demoniacal with which so much purity in youth is so sullied in after-life. If, in the various chapters of the work, there be scenes shocking to a maiden's cheek—if questions be dealt with, and *dramatis personæ* be brought forward, that in England are kept studiously from the public—if the common vices of cities be laid bare without reserve,—the moral is beyond doubt excellent. But we quarrel with M. Dumas for the microscopic eye with which he dwells upon the frailties of women,—endeavouring to show that even girls as pure as Marie d'Hermi may fall to the level of Madame de Bryon, even under the roof of a husband she loves. It is evident, from the opening page of the book, that the author had set himself a difficult task. It was his business to exhibit a girl, first in all the sweetness of her school-day life; and then to drag her into the world, and blight her by the way. The moral, as we have said, is good, since it depicts the horrors a woman may bring upon a husband's head by her frailty; but the impression which accompanies this moral is a blight upon the mind,—for it is a doubt of the possible purity of woman. If the story were not wonderfully dramatic,—if the performers in this most melancholy drama were not really present as flesh and blood to the reader,—if they were not thrust upon familiar scenes, and linked with notorious modern history,—the effect intended by the author would not be produced. But Marie's fall from the wondrous height of moral purity, at which he introduces her, to the horrible depth of profligate self-abandonment, to which his ruthless pen consigns her afterwards, is traced step by step, and inch by inch, with an eye so clear, and cold, and penetrating,—her great sin looks so natural,—her hypocrisy in the house of the husband who adores her, is so life-like,—that the reader seems to feel the feverish pulse of every actor. He becomes, for the time, a witness of events which he strives to regard as fictitious, but continually thrust themselves upon him as vital with the blood of real men and women. This reality is a triumph for a novelist.

Thus Marie, the heroine of this romance, lives and breathes. Delightfully introduced as a sentimental school-girl, the reader follows her fortunes and misfortunes, till, wearied of life and abandoned by society, she enters a convent in the neighbourhood of the school whence she went tripping and laughing into the world. If the life into which she steps be fairly copied from the world of Paris, the society of our allies must be indeed dangerous to any virtuous woman. But we suspect that the Author of the *Demi-Monde* aspires to teach his countrymen and women opinions regarding society at large

from observation of a section of the Parisian world. We decline to accept Madame d'Hermi as a type of a French wife; or the easy M. d'Hermi as the model of a French husband. But if 'The Romance of a Woman' be a libel on French society, it is a powerful libel. Never were false colours more effectively laid on,—never were the sombre shadows of a single family story more artistically extended over its broad circle of acquaintance. M. Dumas would cast all French society—to quote his own simile—into the "*panier à quinze sous*!" With this weakness in favour of a kind of life which he paints well we care not to deal:—it is the weakness of an artist in favour of tints for which he has once or twice been praised. We turn from it to recognize that dramatic force which is as clearly developed in his 'Romance,' as in the drama which is still drawing eager crowds to the *Gymnase* Theatre. We know that the author of the most successful dramatic pictures of questionable life in Paris can lightly dress the miseries and inconsistencies of women acting in a false position, so that we make no hesitation in passing over the Parisian scenes included in this romance, in order to prove to our readers that the historian of the Quartier Breda can deal with the purer forms of human emotion. His description of Marie and her friend, on the eve of leaving school, is a picture worthy of the pencil of Meissonnier. We are tempted to extract it.

The two young girls crossed the garden, and ascended to their rooms, which led one into the other. "Let us proceed with the inventory," said Marie. "My first request is, that we shall make up our minds to forget the English, the German, and the Arithmetic books," replied Clementine. "Agreed."—"I vote, in the second place, that we forget all the books of history and geography."—"Agreed again."—"Now," continued Clementine, "I am going to leave my door open, so that we may chatter while we pack up." Marie's room was charming. In the angle of the house, it let in the fresh air through three windows, veiled with white curtains. The walls were covered with a grey paper, speckled with little blue flowers, fresh as spring. There was room for everything in this little nest. The young girl had contrived to arrange a piano, a chest of drawers, an easel, and a table in it, leaving, it must be confessed, but little room for the two chairs, which, having no fixed place, were continually in the way. Happily, the bed was shut out of the room, in an alcove, or it would have been impossible to turn. Yet, there was the sweet atmosphere in this little realm which a girl of this age diffuses about her. The open piano seemed to have retained the tremor of the morning's harmony; a sketch seemed to smile from the easel; some music-books, a looking-glass, a cross, and some few flowers included all the furniture of this retreat. It was in breathing the perfume of these flowers; it was in praying before this cross; it was in consulting this glass, that she gave wings to her hopes, to her reveries and to her woman's vanity. He who could have read the mysteries of this young heart would have enjoyed a most adorable book. Marie drew a chair near the chest of drawers, and busied herself in selecting the things she intended to take away with her. There is a peculiar charm about a young maiden's wardrobe. Everything is arranged with artless coquetry. You will not find here the rich *guipures* nor opulent cashmeres of the established woman, but simple muslin dresses, cut according to the uniform of the school; little silk aprons, carefully made; admirable little caps, trimmed with pink or blue ribands, and worn when no secrets are hidden from the walls, which, in spite of all Racine has said, have not eyes invariably. Who can guess the thoughts which rise to a woman's mind at this hour? Who knows how fast grow the wings of those little birds we call dreams—birds hatched in the soul by hope? Who could tell, for instance, what Marie's thoughts were when, shut up in her little room, she listened, from her window, to the buzz of the distant townsfolk, as it subsided gradually, leaving visible in the

silent solitude only the guardian of the dormitories? For ourselves, we are convinced that spring owes the perfume of its evenings not so much to the sweetness which the breeze steals from the meadows as to the vague thoughts of young maidens, which they cast carelessly upon it as it caresses their brows. It was this room—the scene of her chastest hopes—that Marie was about to leave. While at her labours, she was soon joined by Clementine.—"I have finished, and have come to help you," said the young girl.—"Let us be quick," replied Marie, recalled to the real necessity for haste by the presence of her lively companion.—"The linen first, and then the dresses. I am very expert in packing up, especially to leave here. When it is to return, it's a different thing,—I never know how to begin. As for the bonnet, I insist that we never lose sight of it. But did anybody ever see such a bonnet? Why whole families might be comfortably lodged in it! Just look at it! When we go to mass on Sundays with these things upon our heads we must look like a bed of mushrooms! What an effect we shall produce when we arrive at your mother's house! Why it must be six or seven years ago since such bonnets were worn, if indeed such a fashion ever existed. And when one thinks that I have another whole year to pass under one of them! Ah, my poor, dear Marie!" And the young girl, putting on her friend's bonnet, who could not help sharing Clementine's gaiety, went to the glass, and broke out in fits of laughter. "Now let us proceed with the books."—"Are you going to take all of them?"—"Every one: I shall make a point of keeping them."—"For study?"—"No, as *souvenirs*."—"Well, let us pack them up then. Here are Exercises in the French Language, a Treatise on Arithmetic, and Lhomond's French Grammar—the style is agreeable, and the interest irresistible."—"Give them to me, nevertheless."—"I thought it was understood that we should give up these wretches to the solitude they deserve."—"I forgive them," replied Marie, "but I shall never open them." The two girls were charming to behold, by the light of a single lamp that shed a pale, soft light upon their features, leaving parts here and there in a half-shade that the pencil can alone realize. "Let us pass from grave to tender subjects," continued Clementine: "here are Robinson Crusoe and the Geography of France."—"Let us hide this one at once," interrupted Marie, seizing a book.—"I demand the name of the criminal."—"Telemachus!"—"It must be burned."—"No, no."—"Dear Marie, I must beg of you to let me burn it."—"Why?"—"It is my personal enemy."—"And why do you hate it?"—"Because I know it by heart."—"I understand your enmity; here it is."—"This will make the twelfth within three months,—death wherever I find one."—"But, you foolish creature, you will provoke a new edition!" This admonition did not prevent Clementine from advancing the book to the flame of the lamp. "Stop!" Marie called aloud, smiling.—"Does the condemned criminal appeal?"—"No, but he is bound in parchment, and if you burn him in the lamp the room will be unbearable."—"The body of a dead enemy smells always sweet,"—and so the unlucky volume was mercilessly burnt.

The school-girl trifles packed up, the heroine of M. Dumas' romance falls into that light slumber "which God has given to birds and maidens." Nothing can exceed the tender charm of the school at Dreux—of the good curate. The contrast between Marie and Clementine is also perfectly touched:—but once arrived in Paris, every charm is lost. Marie's home is one conducted on the traditional principles, or want of principles, of Italy. Yet the two girls remain childish for a time. Presently, a great political reformer makes the acquaintance of M. d'Hermi, and becomes the regular visitor at D'Hermi's château. Here, of course, he falls in love with Marie. The *ruse* by which the father makes use of Clementine in order to compel the celebrity in question (M. de Bryon) to propose for his own daughter, naturally recalls to our minds a baser complexion than that M. Dumas gives it. We may say once for

all, however, that this *ruse* and its consequences are powerfully developed; that if the author has not sought Nature at her purest shrines, he has yet sought her. He has been content to draw from her sullied fountains,—and then holding up the full goblet he has gathered to bid the world recognize in it the pure elements of youth as universally darkened and corrupted in their passage upon the earth.

Russia as it is at the Present Time. In a Series of Letters. By James Carr, a Working Man, lately returned from the Interior of that Empire to England. Whittaker & Co.

In a very limited space, the author of this little book has contrived to convey much information; and, although this is done in a rough way, yet his descriptions do not lack a certain graphic power. They have been made from notes jotted down and observations written upon what struck him as most curious, when, during the few holidays he enjoyed away from the cotton-mill, he gazed at strange scenes. His mind was as busily at work as his eyes. His slender contribution to general details on Russia bears a value that is not to be measured by its size; and not its least merit is in its freedom from prejudice and its fairness of spirit when rendering judgment upon Russian manners and Russian deeds. He certainly gives a more correct picture (as far as it goes) of the people of the Czar, than the priests of that people vouchsafe to their flocks upon England. Thus, Mr. Carr was informed, by some of his Muscovite acquaintances, that "their priests told them that England was only a piece of land like a finger-end, just sticking out above the sea, and which might be overflowed or covered any night when there might be an extraordinary rough sea,—which catastrophe, they considered, must at some time happen." If the natives were thus ill instructed touching England, Mr. Carr gave them a practical illustration of English manners, in one of its especial peculiarities. "I ascended," he says, "to the very summit of the steeple or column of Ivan Veliki, where my name in English will be found cut in the wood-railing."

It is very well remarked by the author, that everything in Russia is in extremes. Tropical heat and Arctic cold; habitual dirt and periodical cleanliness. Children are rocked to sleep to the accompaniment of a Russian ditty, which assures them that they have but one father, and that *he* is the Czar, and yet to cheat the great sire whom they love seems the darling object of their lives. The roughest soldiers are tender as girls to dumb animals, and they love birds as fondly as Lesbia did her sparrow; but they are, nevertheless, taught to massacre the wounded foe. This has been so often denied by the Russians themselves, that every fresh evidence is worth producing. Mr. Carr was conversing with two Muscovite veterans upon the subject of the French invasion of 1812. Among other horrors told him by these men was, that, "after the French had started again on march in the morning, the place of bivouac was eagerly visited by the Russians, to despatch those who were unable to follow any further. . . . This old man told me, that, when he was sick and tired with stabbing and dashing out the brains of those who were unable to follow, he commenced the more humane method of stripping them and leaving them to perish naked. This, he knew, would be as certain death as shooting." After this, it is less difficult to believe that, from the embrasures of the Redan, on the evening of the 18th of June, officers and men watched the bodies of the English that lay upon the plain, and, whenever they detected a quiver in a limb, shot to death

the helpless wretch before them.—The raising of soldiers for work like this is simple enough:—

"At the works where I was employed, the government official several times visited us for men. He only showed the Emperor's seal, with the number of men wanted; and the steward of the estate found them at once, and off they went with him in a few minutes. I have seen the steward come through the works, and say to this man, 'Come, you must go for a soldier (or, as they call it, *soldat*); be quick, the man is waiting for you': then to another, and another, and another, with the same words, until he had procured his number. If the man had any relations working in the same room, he would shake hands with them and bid them good bye—for ever! But, if they were in another room, or any place where it was not convenient for them to be seen at once, and without loss of time, this favour was not allowed them."

This, however, was in time of peace; but, even then, there was much reluctance in many of the newly-leaved men;—as a prospect of war became more certain, the reluctance took a more emphatic form, and self-mutilation was practised. This gave little uneasiness to the official in search of "souls." When the self-mutilation was explained to him, he coolly answered:—"It is no errand of mine to inquire into these matters; bring me a perfect man, and be quick." Mr. Carr adds, that any persons who have been in Russia can bear testimony to his assertion, that in meeting a troop of Russian soldiers, people can smell them 50 yards before they get to them, and 100 or 150 yards after passing them. He gives further testimony to the ready yielding of every class to the irresistible bribe. The system of bribery is winked at by the Government, as it relieves the latter from the necessity of giving adequate salaries to its officials; but it renders them notoriously mendacious: and, indeed, Mr. Carr unwillingly acknowledges that lying is the general vice.

Mr. Carr's criticism is occasionally made from the "stand-point" of his profession. Thus, he enters a splendid room of one of the many mansions of the Czar, and remarks,—"While inside it, I could not help thinking what a fine weaving shop it would make." The country people he describes as extremely ignorant, and as contented with their dullness as Dogberry himself. The common class of trading people in towns he found invariably cheats. The very poorest, in either locality, appeared cheerfully happy in their condition, and even the serfs profess to have nothing to complain of now that they cannot be sold "off the land." They are proud and servile, will not bend their backs even to mow grass, yet will fall prostrate to the dust to kiss the shoe of one in power. This is another exemplification of the extremes in the Russian practice of life; and small as this book is, there are many more to be found in its pages. Before we close these, however, we will add one or two more samples of their quality. The following is interesting at a moment when the subject of "invasion" is in men's minds. Mr. Carr says that the word conveys no such impression to Muscovite ears as it does to those of an Englishman. Some of his Russian fellow-workmen who had served in 1812, against the French, thus explained to him the method then adopted to harass the enemy:—

"The Russians soon knew when the provisions of the French were failing, by the exertions they made in scouring the country for food and forage. The plan the Russians adopted was this:—They appointed three different parties of horsemen always to precede the French army several miles; sometimes ten, twenty, fifteen, or five, as circumstances required. One party was right in front of the French; a second also ahead, but to the left; the third the same, only to the right. Each party had what they called a flying post, which kept up a regular communication between the three. Another

flying post was also stationed between those parties and the French. The main body of the Russians was sometimes in flank, sometimes in the rear, as circumstances directed. The duty of those flying posts was to travel as near as they safely could to the French, and to continually convey information to the advanced parties, as to what route the French were likely to take. This being ascertained, they galloped forward, and knowing well where and how the villages lay, they gave notice to the inhabitants to quit or rather to move aside, while the enemy passed by. At the same time they were ordered to collect all their cattle, yoke up their horses to their sledges, load all the grain and food they possibly could, and take it along with them. What they could not take they were to bury, hide, or destroy. In this position, the French army had to traverse those vast regions. Every village at which they arrived was merely a number of empty huts, which were very near of the same value laid in ruins as left standing. Scouring the country to the right and left was all the same. Those advanced parties had preceded them, and all was desolation. Napoleon, enraged at finding village after village deserted, neither food, forage, nor living soul to be met with—ordered those advanced parties, those forerunners of desolation and death, to be overtaken and broken at all hazards. This he succeeded in doing, and established another advanced party of his own; but no sooner was this done than the Russians had another party again still in advance of Napoleon's; and again, as the French masses moved along, were they deprived of everything that could be made available for their succour."

Of our modest and intelligent "working man" we must now take leave. We like him all the better for his independence of character, and for that truly English fairness which induces him to give praise to an enemy where the laudation is deserved.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

Mammon's Marriage. A Poem in Two Cantos. By J. G. H. (Saunders & Odey).—This is a poem written with the best intentions, but not in the best manner. The language is of a diluted Byronic character, and we fall asleep over its pages,—dreaming of cypresses and rose-trees, and Hugo, and Otho, and Laura, and a schooner with a snowy sail, a pirate with a black eye (probably received in boarding, or dishonestly attempting to gain admittance into somebody else's lodging). The writer begins his Preface by a truly Saxon sentence of six English words, to seven French, and eight Latin. His intention (*animus* he calls it) is to decry marriages for money. Mayfair marriages remind his far-seeing mind of Iphigenia; behind the bridesmaids scowl the furies, and the churchyard nettle mingles with the orange-flowers. The wicked lord, much tormented by gout, curses his toe in a loud voice between the responses, and the bride of course sheds the due number of tears as laid down in the canonical books of etiquette. The real lover, buttoned up, hat over his eyes, groans in a secluded pew, while the postillions outside joke and study the ale of the neighbourhood. Lord Hugo, the father—to return to the poem—is one of those terrible men with secret griefs (probably impending baldness); his visage is of course hard and stern, and he wears "a mask of frost." The lover, as far as we can decipher, turns captain of a pirate, and carries off the bride he had lost; but at the moment of abduction the wicked Lord Otho stabs his wife and falls dead from a thrust from an indignant sailor. The metre is fluent and the story easily told, though it is not easy to read.—The following extract contains the thought of the book.—

Loathing or loving, ye who stand
Before God's altar hand in hand,
Ponder and pause, ye yet may think
How deep the wave beyond the brink.
In those few seconds there uprears
A visioned glance of future years;

Now is the time to break the spell,
If 'gainst your words your heart rebel.
Is it a vain, distempered dream?
You touch the shore, why tempt the stream?
If so—wide, yawning the abyss
You madly dare in quest of bliss;
Oh, too tremendous is such range,
To lightly chance in search of change!
If doubts are crowding on your soul,
There yet is space to 'scape controul;
The words of bondage are untold,
The bride is yet unbought—unsold.

Cranmer: a Poem. By Arabella Georgina Campbell. (Hamilton & Co.)—This is one of the unnecessary things neatly done which amateur writers set themselves to do with all the fanatical perseverance of a Hindoo Yogi. If a man stood on his head on the cross of St. Paul's we might wonder, but could hardly praise him. This is, in fact, little better than a versified version of Foxe and Strype's memoirs of one of the most imperfect of our great Reformers. The following verse will show the authoress's manner.—

Then Martin, with proud arrogant demand,
Asked of the Primate—"Did he know to whom
The Christ bequeathed by His divine command
The Headship of His Church? Who in His room
Was Vicar?"—"No one!"—"No one?" Did you doom
The royal Henry thus in years of old?
E'en then, did your dark treason slowly loom
On the horizon; now with aspect bold
A Traitor!" Galling words—but thus did Rome uphold.

The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems. By J. D. Burns, M.A. (Edinburgh, Johnstone & Hunter.)—This volume of poems, apparently the work of a Scotch clergyman, is beyond the average run of poetical books. The imagination is vivid, the scenes are dramatic and individual, and the versification is of considerable richness and power. The author has evidently travelled—has seen Madeira, perhaps the East, certainly Germany; nor has he seen any of these without extracting from them some beautiful image or thought.

The best poem, because the most original, is 'The Pilgrims.' The pilgrims are four travellers, who start for a certain Golden City, traversing deserts white with bones; and every verse ends with

O happy he who first may see
The marble-templed town.

—At the wayside well they stop to drink:—

At noon some palms across the way
Their broad cool shadow cast,—
A well gushed freshly, and the birds
Sang sweetly as they passed.

—Here they are scoffed at by some strangers, and one of the pilgrims, moved to anger, yields to the temptation, and is slain. Another, exhausted with the heat, stays in a tent to quaff the palm wine, and forgets the Golden City. The two pilgrims still left wander on, determined, but sad, and are soon met by a new temptation:—one comes up to them with his hand full of gold coins, which he declares are from a jar which his spade has just shivered. Covetousness beguiles another pilgrim, — but the sole survivor journeys on, and attains the Christian's goal. The conclusion is full of quaint religious feeling, that reminds us of Bunyan's city across the dark waters. The bells ring out, the dulcimer is heard,—

And thus the minstrels sing while goes
The peaceful evening down;
"O happy he who now doth see
The marble-templed town."

The following are the opening verses of a little landscape piece, which proves cultivation in the writer.—

A lofty mountain-wall, that parts
Two valleys fair and green,
We scaled, and stood in purer air,
Where winds were blowing keen,—
It was as if, by sudden glance,
Two separate worlds were seen.

One with a cloudless sky, and filled
With sunlight to the sea,—
The other, dim with surging mists,
That drifted loose and free,
And cast fantastic shadows down
On rock, and stream, and tree.

Dark chestnut trees, festooned with vines,
Stood thick in either dell,—
The goat in fragrant thickets browsed
And tinkled his small bell,
And from some mountain-cave, unseen,
The goatherd blew his shawl.

Of the minor pieces, we like none so well as the 'Rhymes of a Vigil.' There is something touching in the lines on Sleep, on its enchantments and its many sorceries. Very gracefully the poet sketches the arts by which Morpheus tried to beguile the student into his regions, breathing drowsiness into the twilight air, casting thin shadows over the glimmering page, whispering lullabies in the ear, pressing down the eyelids with invisible fingers, but presently coy and sullen, deaf to all prayers, and holding to his lips empty cups that should have held an anodyne.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

My Travels; or, an Unsentimental Journey through France, Switzerland, and Italy. By Capt. Chamier. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—In the third volume of these 'Travels' we came upon the following passage, which, we suppose, must be taken at once for the motive and apology for writing them. "I never intended my travels to be a dull, cold, familiar description of places, men and manners, but a kind of jog-trot, easy pace over the high-road of life. As for descriptions of paintings, or delineations of statues, I leave them to those 'cunning in such arts.' But as a diary becomes amusing reading when time has somewhat clouded the imagination, so I trust these little flights and excursions may recal the pleasure I have experienced to others and relieve an hour of its heaviness." These volumes have precisely the virtue that arises from being an unaffected record of the impressions produced by the scenes in question. There is the stamp of personal enjoyment in every page—a frank egotism which has a certain charm from being genuine and good-natured. The remarks are not profound, not always in good taste; but Capt. Chamier can open his eyes and relate what he veritably sees and feels, instead of thinking of "what might be expected" from him upon the occasion, and this is a great relief to the reader, and makes the three volumes pleasant easy reading upon the whole. The sights are those that most travellers would consider it incumbent upon them to see, if they were doing the tour thoroughly and conscientiously. Sicily is the least frequented region to which the Captain goes, and there is a lively picture of its present state and the appearance of the inhabitants, which causes us to recollect Ireland and to keep clear of Pharisaical self-complacency. The three volumes are ekeed out to the requisite number of pages by a long and very confused political essay upon the condition and prospects, and political by-gones of Naples, written by a mysterious stranger, whom Capt. Chamier represents himself as meeting in the gardens of the Villa Reale, who commences with him a highly dangerous and compromising discourse upon the condition of the country, and finally thrusts a somewhat lengthy manuscript into his hand, saying, "Read it at your leisure—publish it if you feel inclined—it is enough for me that I entrust my manuscript to an Englishman; he held out his hand and I shook it cordially; he turned suddenly from me and walked slowly away." The English reader may peruse it if he likes, but we scarcely think he will. There is an elaborate history of St. Januarius, and a chapter minutely full of all the ghastly details of the history and trial of Beatrice Cenci, too horrible for even Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

The Brothers Basset. By Julia Corner. (Hodgson.)—The 'Brothers Basset' is an original novel in the "Parlour Library" series. It is a story of family affection and reverse of fortune well endured, of course virtue highly rewarded at the last;—every lady has a lover, and each lover is worthy of the elected lady. The incidents are not very exciting, but it is a pleasant and genial book.

Motley. By Cuthbert Bede, B.A. (Blackwood.)—This small volume bears the same proportion to

literature, that "bull's-eyes," "Albert rock," "Everton toffee," and "lollypops," in general bear to the legitimate confectionery of Mr. Gunter; but we cannot recommend 'Motley' as wholesome nor even as nice. Nothing is more melancholy than artificial mirth, and the fun in 'Motley' is more akin to the forced jests of the clown in the ring than to genuine laughter;—it smacks of the Casino seen by daylight the morning after a fancy ball:—the train oil—calico roses—and all the relics of coarse decoration are visible, without any of the illusion of a "festive scene." The spirit of fun has all evaporated, if it were ever there. The book is illustrated in the low-comedy school of art—a school which is extravagant without being original.

Le Curé Manqué; or, Social and Religious Customs in France. By Eugène de Courcillon. (Low & Co.)—The hybrid title of this volume is against its chances of popularity; but M. Eugène de Courcillon would scarcely have improved upon his French name by the translation he suggests, 'The Unfinished Priest.' His object is to present a view of provincial life in France, as distinct from the life of Paris. Real characters, we are assured, are introduced to us, under fictitious names, to play their parts in a fanciful narrative; which is, however, "a faithful reproduction" of what the author has himself "known and observed." M. Courcillon, then, is supposed to write his own biography, and fills the background of his memorial with sketches of nobles and peasants alternately. The principal entertainment to be derived from his story is its delineation of adventures among the French clergy, whose influence still subdues and humiliates a large proportion of the French people. Eugène is supposed to become half a priest, and then, weary of his cassock, to enter the army. He writes in a plain, familiar, easy tone, and has not apparently exaggerated the features of ecclesiastical discipline in France.

Historical Essay on the Revolutions of Servia, from 1804 to 1850—[Essai Historique sur les Révolutions et sur l'Indépendance de la Serbie]. By Dr. B. S. Cunibert. 2 vols. (Leipzig, Brockhaus; London, Williams & Norgate.)—Dr. Cunibert was formerly a medical officer on the Servian official staff, and was decorated by the Ottoman Government, in proof of the estimation in which he was held. He seems, in addition to his professional practice, to have been busy in the world of Slavonian intrigues, or politics, if we think fit so to denominate them. Before his Memoir was ready for the press he died, leaving it to be perfected from documents found among his papers, and from whatever extraneous materials were in the editor's hand. As a history, it is incomplete and partial, being dedicated almost wholly to the acts and virtues of Prince Milosh, whose fall from power was the occasion of Dr. Cunibert's departure from Servia. His own narrative does not reach this point. But any continuous view of public affairs in the east of Europe during an important epoch possesses its value; and Dr. Cunibert's Essay, though below the judicial dignity of history, contributes its instalment of interesting personal facts and impressions. The impressions are spread over the surface of the work, and the facts are on too small a scale, and too involved in the great game between Austria, Russia and Turkey, to afford intelligible quotations. In the Preface, most previous books on Servia are vaguely condemned; Cyprien Roberts is, in some cases, treated as a libeller; and still more flippantly, Ranke's admirable work is altogether ignored, though it ranks among distinct authorities. With a few fragmentary exceptions, our literature of politics and travel contains nothing worth perusal on the recent history of Servia, though that young State is infinitely more interesting than Otto's kingdom; and, if it ever be relieved from the weight of Russian menaces, may rise as the nucleus of a free race. Students may consult Dr. Cunibert's volumes, but should be careful to read them by the light of other late works on the subject.

Coins of Ancient Lycia before the Reign of Alexander; with an Essay on the relative Dates of the Lycian Monuments in the British Museum. By Sir Charles Fellows. (Murray.)—All our modern

knowledge of Lycia is derived from the researches of Sir Charles Fellows. The coins which he now identifies with that country passed among numismatists up to 1838, when he first visited the country, as "unknown Cilician." They are here placed in series, classified as belonging to several distinct provinces, and brought to bear, with considerable effect, on the determination of the ages of the Lycian monuments in the National Collection. The coins are presumed to range from about 600 years to 333 B.C.

Primitive Piety Revived; or, the Aggressive Power of the Christian Church: a Premium Essay. By the Rev. Henry C. Fish. (Boston, Congregational Board of Publication.)—A benevolent person, whose name is concealed, being desirous to endeavour to raise the standard of Christian practice in America, placed 200 dollars at the disposal of the Congregational Board of Publication as a prize for the best essay on the subject of the New Testament standard of life and character. The present publication obtained the prize. It is earnestly written, occasionally a little too high-flown for our English taste, but relieved by illustrations, anecdotal and statistical, which, if they may be depended upon, give it value. Some of them occasionally startle us.

New England's Memorial, by Nathaniel Morton; also Governor Bradford's History of Plymouth Colony; Portions of Prince's Chronology; Governor Bradford's Dialogue; Governor Winslow's Voyage to Massasoit; and an Appendix relating to the Puritans and Pilgrims. (Boston, Congregational Board of Publication.)—England as well as America has an interest in the Pilgrim Fathers. They crossed the Atlantic to seek on the then almost untroubled shores of the American continent "freedom to worship God." But thousands who were animated by the same spirit remained behind in England. These were the men who freed our country from despotism under Charles the First and James the Second, and if ever our liberties should again be brought into peril, we may look to the men who partake of the same spirit for assured and vigorous help. The characters and opinions of these men are therefore not merely a proper, they are a highly commendable subject of investigation. All inquirers must desire to know who and what kind of men they were, who fled from the ecclesiastical tyranny of their own homes, and yet loved English institutions and manners so ardently, that, refusing to be absorbed into the people of any other land, they betook themselves to an unpeopled wild, in the hope that they might there preserve the language and live at peace under the laws of their native country. The books which are here reprinted are valuable authorities for the history of those energetic men. Every one who has dipped into the account of the voyage of the May Flower and its precious freight knows the works of Morton, and Bradford, and Winslow, by name,—but the books themselves are seldom met with. A cheap reprint—such as is contained in the present volume—is a boon to England as well as to America.

The Emigrant's Lost Son; or, Life Alone in the Forest. Edited by George Henry Wall. Illustrated by Corbould. (Routledge & Co.)—This little book professes to give an account of the perils and adventures which befell the author during a six years' sojourn in the American wilds. It is certainly, for a personal narrative of actual life in the Forest, one of the tamest works we have yet read on the subject. We might reasonably expect a youth, who spent, as he says, so long a time in the immediate vicinity of the native dwellers of the Forest, to tell us something new about their habits and pursuits.

The Gardening Book of Annals: comprising Concise but Accurate Descriptions of nearly Three Hundred Species; with full Instructions for their Cultivation, and a Glossary of Botanical Terms. By William Thompson. (Simpkin & Co.)—Mr. Thompson is happier in his subject than in his style. 'The Gardening Book of Annals' is a desirable book for a florist—that is, for a professional florist; but whether any amateur in the art will be patient enough to read this volume through is more than we dare assert. The type is minute,

and the style is unredeemed by graceful description. But the passionate lover of flowers will not expect the literary graces in a book of information; and to such moderate persons we can heartily recommend it.

Description of the Fossils of the Secondary Formations of the Province of Luxembourg—[*Description des Fossiles, &c.*] By M. F. Chapuis and M. G. Dewalque. (Marcus.)—The secondary formations of Luxembourg are rich in organic remains. But little seems to have been known of their nature and relations till undertaken by the authors of this volume. In this work they have described and illustrated one hundred and ninety-seven species of fossil animals, most of them Mollusca, sixty-four of which are now described for the first time. The plates, of which there are thirty-eight, are beautifully executed. This volume must be regarded as an important contribution to the geological history of the district to which it is devoted. It is worthy of remark that it has been published as the result of questions proposed to be answered by the Royal Academy of Brussels. There is hardly a more important function that scientific bodies can perform than that of indicating the direction of research, or calling for answers to scientific questions.

A few books of verse—laid aside as scarcely worthy to take rank with our Minor Minstrelsy—may be strung together in this column. *Pencilings*, by Thomas Wilson, consist of a series of notes on "The Sea," "November Fog," "Sunset," and other subjects equally new to poetry.—*The Modern Bard*, by Joseph Verey, aspires with equal faculty to deal with a nobler theme,—his tale being founded on an incident in the story of Tasso.—*The Cottage Hero*, by G. W. Swanton, is a tale—such a tale and in such a measure!—of the Crimean War.—*Julia*, by Westley Brooke, comes to us from America. It is weak, not fatuous; the author has delicacy of fancy and some sense of musical utterance. He may hope to become a minstrel.—Mrs. Joseph Fearn has written some very *Plain Rhymes for Plain People*, which, she says, are adapted for Sunday schools.—*Poems*, by J. M., have no character at all. They resemble the play-verses which mamas make over the breakfast-table for the amusement of little children—and are very proper as to thought, rhyme, and metre.—"Tristram" has written some *Fugitive Poems* in the stanza and with the feeling of the Poet Laureate.—*Edwin and Arthur* is described by its author, Mr. Ebenezer Derry, as a "colloquial poem of passion and remonstrance," whatever that may mean. The poem throws no light on the Preface.—*Sonnet dedicated to the Poles* is perhaps the briefest book we ever read—for which brevity we are very thankful.

Mr. Cayley, whose translations of Dante are well known to our readers, has published a volume of Notes to accompany and illustrate his labours on the great Italian poet.—Messrs. Williams & Norgate have sent us Voigt & Günther's edition of Goethe's *Egmont*, with Notes and a copious Vocabulary, by Charles Dickens, jun.—a very nice edition for the English reader. Volumes II. to VII. of Sir William Hamilton's edition of the *Collected Works of Dugald Stewart* have been published. Two more volumes will complete the series; on the appearance of which we propose to devote a second article to the Scotch philosopher.—M. von Reumont, whose 'Contributions to Italian Literature' were noticed at some length in the *Athenæum* two years ago, has issued two more volumes on the same subject.

The sixteenth volume of Mr. Bell's valuable edition of Hume and Smollett's *History of England*, with the *Continuation* by Mr. Hughes, is before us; also the second volume of Mr. Murray's reprint of Hallam's *Historical Works*.—The second volume of Lord Brougham's *Collected Works*, containing *The Men of Letters of the Time of George III.*, has been published.—We have received from the Chetham Society Part I. of the second volume of the *Northampton Diary*.—Mr. Thomas Ballantyne has collected some passages from Mr. Carlyle's 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' under the title of *Prophecy for 1855*.—Mr. Tucker has reprinted his *Political Fly Sheets*.—Among new editions and reprints we find on our table Dr. Cumming's *War and its Issues*,—

Dr. Croly's *Salathiel*,—*My Brother's Wife*, by Miss Wetherell,—*Maxims and Hints on Angling, Chess, and Shooting*, by Richard Penn,—*Eva St. Clair, and other Tales*, by G. P. R. James,—*Leila and The Castles*, both by Sir Edward Lytton, are added to the "Railway Library."—Among works which have recently arrived at the honours of a second edition, we have before us Mr. Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.—Mr. A. K. Johnston's *Dictionary of Geography*, very much enlarged and improved.—Dr. Alfred Johnson's *Bedside Letters on Hydropathy*.—Dr. Moeran's *Nature of Truth*.—Dr. Jackson's *Witness of the Spirit*.—Dr. Stenhouse's *Economical Application of Charcoal*.—*Socialism and the Russian People*.—[*Le Peuple Russe, &c.*] by Alexander Herzen,—*English, Past and Present*, by R. C. Trench, revised and enlarged.—*A Great-Grandfather's Address*, by Octogenarius.—Prof. Owen's *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*,—and the *Scottish Newspaper Directory*.—Among third editions we have Sir James Eyre's *The Stomach and its Difficulties* (with additional matter),—and Mr. Wilson's *Selections for Reading and Recitation*.—*How to Speak French*, by Dr. Albites, and *The National French Grammar*, by A. B. Bertinchamp, appear in fourth editions.—A fifth edition of Gesenius's *Hebrew and English Lexicon*, translated by Dr. Robinson,—and the same of Sir George Ballingall's *Outlines of Military Surgery*.—*The British Flora*, by Sir W. J. Hooker and Dr. G. A. W. Arnott appears in a seventh edition, with additions and corrections. To make this volume complete an Index of the English names is needed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bailey's *Annals of Nottinghamshire*, Vol. 4, royal 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Bailey's *Handbook to Newcastle Abbey*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Bell's (A. M.) *Letters and Sounds*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Bigg (H. H.) *On Artificial Limbs*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Denney's *Practical Railway Engineer*, 4th edit. Plates, 62s. 6d.
Drawing-Room Shyl, illust. 8vo. 10s. 6d. gilt.
Faithful Witness, 32mo. 1s. 6d.
Female Life among the Mormons, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Foster's *Double Entry Elucidated*, 6th edit. 4to. 8s. 6d. cl.
Fox's *John's Time and the End of Time*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Goodwin's *Practical Grammar of the English Language*, 4s. 6d. cl.
Greory's *Concise Medical Theoretic*, 5th edit. 1s. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Hind's *Elements of Algebra*, 4th edit. 2vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
Household Words, Vol. 11, royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Jay's *Autobiography*, edit. by Retford and James, 3rd edit. 7s. 6d.
Jobson's (Rev. F. J.) *A Mother's Portrait*, illust. post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Linden Manor, by W. Flax, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Little Walter, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Marmion's *History of the Maritime Ports of Ireland*, 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Meditations on the Sins of Solomon, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Murray on the *Stability of Retaining Walls*, Part 1, 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Newcomes, The, edited by A. Pendergast, Esq., Vol. 2, 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Patt's *Law relating to Friendly Societies*, 4th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.
Riadore on *Mechanical Support to the Rectum*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Scenes from the Life of Jesus, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Schmidt's *Manual of Ancient History*, Vol. 1, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Schoeder's *Book of Nature*, trans. by Medlock, 3rd edit. 7s. 6d. cl.
Sophocles, (Ætius) *Tyrannus*, with Notes by Young, 1s. (Wells).
Stratford Shakespeare, edited by G. Knight, Vol. 15, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Marie Antoinette and Marbois in the Bastille, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Templeton's *Operative Mechanic's Workshop Companion*, 5s. 8vo.
Templeton's (Rev. S.) *Bampton Lecture*, 1854, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Woolf's *Michael the Married Man*, 2nd edit. 6s. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Woman's Derivation, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Turin, July 30.

TURIN is the first Italian city that presents itself to the majority of travellers from the north. The completion of the great line of railway from Paris to Marseilles may probably give the route by that city and Genoa a preference henceforward over the longer journey through Savoy and over Mont Cenis. And assuredly no other first glance at the Italy so long dreamed of can be more striking and more calculated to satisfy the pre-conceived ideal than that offered by Genoa the Superb. Turin is, it must be admitted, far inferior in this respect to its proud, ever rebelliously-inclined, and jealous subject-city. It is less Italian; much less what the French call *une ville monumentale*,—and far from being so strikingly beautiful in its position and environs. When first I passed through it on my way southwards,—long ago, in the days when Charles Albert was a despotic king, enjoying the favourable consideration of his royal neighbours, spiritual and temporal,—I was less impressed by its appearance, I remember, than by that of any other of the great cities of Italy. Now chance having led me to pass a few days here, I must make the *amende honorable*, so far as to admit that even in its material aspect it possesses a decided physiognomy of its own worth studying; and that its social and moral condition, exhibiting themselves in a thousand different phenomena, which he that

runs may read, render it at the present moment one of the most interesting spots on the peninsula to travellers who are inclined to push their observations a little beyond the circle of sight-seeing traced out for them by the guide-books.

Piedmont, we all know, is the one bright exception to the else universal prospect of decadence, imbecility, and bad government presented by the rest of Italy. Thither are turned with anxious observation the eyes of all who still dare to dream of regeneration for her fallen populations. The manifestations of a state of social liberty, therefore, so common-place and matter-of-course elsewhere as not to claim a moment's observation, assume a curious and interesting significance to eyes accustomed to the life of Italian cities. The extraordinary number and incessant activity of the street newsmen, the variety of the little penny sheets they sell, and the scores of coarsely lithographed caricatures that cover every dead wall, are indications of a perhaps rather febrile state of the public mind, naturally enough resulting from the nation's recent passage out of the darkness of despotism and repression into the light and excitement of self-government. Of course, the Sardinian contribution to the War in the Crimea comes in for a very large share of this not very pungent satirical illustration. The attention of the caricaturists is pretty equally divided between this unflinching subject, and that of the ousting of the monastic communities from their tenements in execution of the recent law. Occasionally the two topics are combined, as by an ingenious artist, who represents a troop of mendicant friars, all duly provided with the popular allowance of nose and paunch, presenting themselves in the Crimea, with the remark, that having been turned out at home because they *did nothing*, they had thought that the quarters of the Sardinian Contingent in the Crimea must be the best place for them.

This ejection of the monks forms for the moment the leading subject of interest and talk in all circles here; and the ministry, who have, in spite of exceeding difficulties, carried and are executing this admirable measure, have to sustain the violent attacks both of the retrograde party, who deem all meddling with ecclesiastical property a touching of the Ark, inevitably to be expiated by national and individual calamity, and of the ultra liberals, who are disconcerted that any convents should have been excepted from the sentence of suppression. It must be admitted that the opposition of the former of these is, as looked at from their own point of view, the more reasonable and consistent. The radicals assert, indeed, with some show of reason, that to except from the general doom those communities which are engaged in education is, in fact, to preserve those who do most mischief, and whose existence is most pernicious to the State. On the other hand, I hear it argued by thinking men, as much opposed to monastic education as any can be, that if the educating orders were at once abolished, a large and important portion of those who confide their children to them would send them to conventual establishments out of the kingdom, where they would receive an education wholly anti-national, and in all respects more to be deprecated than that which the tolerated convents of Piedmont can venture, under the surveillance of public opinion, to impart.

Among other visible signs of the new state of things here is a pretty little bran-new Gothic Protestant church, which has coquettishly placed itself among the trees that shade the Corso Reale, or "Rotten Row" of Turin. It might seem a small attempt at "tit for tat" to the splendid Jesuits' church in the midst of May Fair. Its locality, at all events, would seem to indicate that any proselytism which Protestantism may hope to make here, is expected rather among the hundreds than among the millions. I am told, that the neat little building in question owes its existence entirely to the Vaudois, — that when the days of priestly persecution were more fresh in the memory of the Turin liberals, many of them were in the habit of attending the Protestant service, as a protest against intolerance, and a mark of their feelings on the subject, — but that now, when all the Pied-

montese world may be Protestant, if they please, — when no slightest shadow of the crown of martyrdom is to be had, or even pretended to, the champions of freedom of conscience find a Geneva sermon, if anything, still less amusing than a Romish mass; and that the congregation of the little church has fallen off accordingly.

It is impossible for the most unobserving traveller even to pass through Turin at present without being struck by the evidences of increasing material prosperity. Building is going on in every direction. In the vicinity of the railway station, which is common to the four or five lines that now connect most parts of the kingdom with each other, an entire new quarter of the city has started into existence. Large masses of building, with handsome *façades*, alas! than can easily be met with in Belgravia or Tyburnia, stretch away in every direction. The system of making family dwellings consist of one story — or flat, as they call it at Edinburgh — instead of an entire house, permits an architect to realize a far grander result than can be accomplished, when it is necessary to limit each mansion to the needs and means of one household. Almost all the new blocks of building forming the new quarter of Turin consist of handsome and high-priced dwellings, many of which command a rent higher than that for which a large house may be had in some parts of London.

Turin is the only capital of Italy which presents such unmistakable evidences of progressive prosperity. Most of its rivals in the peninsula tell as plainly spoken a tale of decadence. And the moral of the difference is too self-evident to need any pointing. None the less perseveringly and constantly, however, do the numerous admirers of the old order of ideas lament over the position and prospects of their country, while their prophets cry "woe, woe!" in daily and weekly warnings. But the class of which the frightened malecontents almost exclusively consist seem, at least to the eye of a stranger, to be enjoying their full share of the general prosperity. In no Italian city is the "Corso" — that dear delight and prime necessary of life of every Italian *elegante* — so brilliant, so gay, so numerously attended as in Turin. Nowhere are the horses so showy, the carriages so handsome, the toilettes so nearly Parisian, and beauty so abundant. And most assuredly nowhere is the scene of all this display at all comparable to the magnificent new drive recently constructed at the northern extremity of the new quarter here. It is true that the vast meadow around which the carriages circulate is as yet unadorned by any of the park-like timber which makes the charm and beauty of the Florentine Cascine. But the magnificent view of the Alpine range, extending almost from Monte Ross to Monte Viso, abundantly makes up by its presence for all other beauties that may be absent. When the immediate *entourage* shall be a little more ornamented and planted, the Corso at Turin will be one of the finest drives in Europe.

It is to be lamented that a city in which all reasonable hopes for the future of Italy must be sought, which must be the starting-point and support of any possible regeneration in the peninsula, — it is a pity that this sole centre of social life in Italy should possess no language that by any courtesy can be called Italian. The wretched and most ungraceful jargon, which the people use from necessity and the educated classes from preference, is by far the worst and most odious prevailing in Italy. Little, indeed, would the ears of a traveller from the South admonish him while walking through the streets of Turin, that he was still in the "*bel paese, la dov' il 'si' suona*." There is a most barbarously sounding monosyllable, which wounds the ear at every tenth step taken beneath the handsome arcades, or in the pleasant public gardens of this Italian city, with a sound that would surprise one less if heard from Croat lips in the streets of miserable Milan, but which assuredly ought to belong to no more civilized dialect. This choice morsel of cacophony may be inadequately represented by the letters *schaou!* It is the universal salutation between man and man. No one passes an acquaintance, hurrying in an opposite direction, without jerking out after him a sound composed of one part of expectation and two parts

bark. The etymological far-away ancestor of the monstrosity is the legitimate trisyllable *schiauo*, — a slave. The sharp, short *schaou! schau! schau!* therefore, which cross each other in such numbers as abundantly to justify any parodist in characterizing this as "*il paese cacofano dove il schiauo suona*," simply mean, as one might say "Servant, sir!"

Capri, August 1.

WITHIN the last fortnight the Island of Capri has been visited by the Director of Excavations at the instance of Government, and his report gives promise of a glorious antiquarian harvest. The last excavations made there were in 1828; little, however, was done compared with what remains to be done, and Government will be strongly recommended to begin its labours in so promising a field. One result of the visit will be to collect and send off to the Museum various objects of Art now lying about in a very neglected state: — columns of coloured marble, half imbedded in sand and ruins, near the Marine Palace — a sarcophagus of a later age — an immense circular piece of marble in an unfinished state — indeed, many such objects remain, showing the incomplete condition of many projected buildings. That Capri must once have been a place of great resort there can be no reason to doubt. The transcendent grandeur and loveliness of its scenery would lead certainly to such a conjecture, even had we not positive proofs of it, for ruins of every age exist here, from the times of Imperial Rome to the present day, showing that the Neapolitan nobleman, the pampered monk, the reckless corsair (Frederic Barbarossa), as well as Roman emperors, have sought a retreat in this secluded and beautiful island. There is, then, every reason to suppose that the work of excavation here would not be in vain. Classical writers speak of many gems of Art which once adorned its palaces. Where are they? It was a favourite residence in the Augustan age. Where are those precious works which all the resources of wealth and Art, doubtless, assembled here? It is to be hoped that Government will really set about this work in earnest, and solve these antiquarian questions. In going over the various ruins together with Cav. Bonucci, the Director, he called my attention particularly to the Imperial palace on the eastern extremity of the island. It stands on a spot as lovely as any the wide world can offer, and must have been of immense extent. Built on the declivity of a lofty mountain, it must have consisted of a series of receding floors, erected on as many terraces. In fact, during our short survey we discovered that such was the plan, and traced out the several levels. Numerous transverse passages covered with marble, with lateral chambers, were clearly traceable. Judging from their size and finish, the apartments of the Imperial inhabitants must have been towards the south, and here the simple coloured frescoes still remain in detached pieces as fresh as though they had been excavated yesterday. There is a marked difference, however, between the style of building here and at Pompeii, — less elegance, less finish, as if materials and workmen had been wanting, or the buildings had been executed in a hurry. It is fair to say, however, that there are evident signs of two periods of architecture. Perhaps the best specimen of Roman building is found in the Palazzo del Mare. This, said my companion, is indeed worthy of the Caesars. The vine, and the olive, and the mulberry, however, grow above the great proportions of what remains of Imperial magnificence. The small holders of land continually appropriate more and more of the ground, and plant or build over objects of Art, about which the antiquarian dreams. It is, however, to be hoped that Government will now reclaim its own, and render to the world what has been concealed for centuries.

All excavations are now of course suspended until the dog-days are over, and the thermometer no longer stands at 84° in the shade. Since I adverted to this subject, Cav. Bonucci has been sent by Government to Canosa, and will return in September, when the work of excavation — and, in one or two instances, of restoration — will be re-

sumed. It is satisfactory to be able to state that Signor Mandarini, the Intendente of Bari, a gentleman of considerable literary eminence and of refined taste, is deeply interested in these subjects, and will be likely to give a fresh impulse to the excavations of Apulia. Signor Mandarini, it may be observed, has, too, some little political eminence:—to his pen the Sicilian Government was indebted for the answer to Mr. Gladstone's celebrated letter. His reward was the Intendenza of Cosenza, whence he has lately been removed to that of Bari. Amongst other public works intrusted to his care, I may mention the Port of Bari, one of the most useful and considerable enterprises of this reign; whilst Ajossa, the new Intendente of Salerno, is lending his valuable aid to the formation of a port so much needed in that city. It is highly probable that another site may be shortly set aside for the labours of the excavator.

H.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE hear that Sir John Bowring is preparing an account of his late mission to Siam. It will appear in a work under the title of 'Siam and the Siamese.'

A representation on the neglect of Art and Science in England has been sent home from the English jurors in Paris, which we sincerely trust will have its weight with Lord Palmerston. Government, it is very safe to say, has not been always alive to the importance of encouraging and sustaining those studies which utilize material wealth and place new powers in the hands of genius. This fact is written only too plainly on the walls of the Paris Exhibition. Our Art-manufactures, though improving, are still inferior to those of many continental lands. Our glass—our porcelain—our bronze-work—our articles of fancy generally, are not comparable with those of Prague, Venice, Munich, and Paris. Even in departments which we once monopolized—such as scientific instruments—we are now distanced by foreign competitors. Few persons, except the jurors themselves, are aware how far and wide this inferiority extends:—and we are not surprised to find that these gentlemen, with the facts before their eyes, and anxious for the future, should have met in a body to discuss the matter; and, having discussed it, should have sent home a serious remonstrance to the Government. If the State will not look to the Art-education of the people, England must be content to see those occupations which connect themselves with the Beautiful pass away into other lands.

The Shrewsbury Congress of the Archeological Institute has been held during the week, with fair success,—the programme including several interesting excursions.

Lord John Russell has explained his share in the transactions connected with the grant of 1,000*l.* a year to the Royal Society in aid of scientific experiment,—and his statement agrees with the explanations of Col. Sabine. Lord John remarked that "although it might be true, as had been said, that science had an eye that never tired, and a wing that never flagged, yet it had not a purse that never emptied." He hoped that the sum would continue to be applied for the purposes contemplated by the grant:—a hope which Lord Palmerston confirmed. The Premier said he was sensible that the money had been applied to purposes well deserving public encouragement, and he believed that it had been economically and judiciously expended. The Government—he went on to explain—proposed to issue the sum this year out of the amount voted for civil contingencies, which was applicable to any special service, and next year to include in the miscellaneous estimates a vote of 1,000*l.* for this particular purpose, which would give the House an opportunity of considering the propriety of continuing the grant.—We cannot doubt that the country will agree to this arrangement.

A Professorship of Tamil has been instituted at University College, London, and M. d'Ormeu von Streng has been appointed to the chair.

Dr. Chowne sends us the following protest:—"My attention has been directed to Dr. Arnott's work on the 'Smokeless Fireplace,' just published;

and I find that the author, in speaking of my plan of ventilation in that work, has completely mis-stated my views. He asserts that I believed that I 'had discovered a new principle in nature, namely, that a bent tube had a power, by virtue of the bend itself, of giving motion to the air contained within it.' I beg permission to record through your journal my unqualified protest against that statement, on the ground of its being totally at variance with the facts; and to say, first, that I never entertained the belief 'that a bent tube had a power, by virtue of the bend itself, of giving motion to the air contained within it'; and, secondly, that my specification does not pretend to ascribe any such power to the bend of the tube. The specification itself being open to public inspection renders it unnecessary for me to trespass on your columns by selecting from it any quotations; and it only remains for me, in making this exposition, to request that you will do me the favour to give it a place in your journal.

"I remain, &c. W. D. CHOWNE."

"8, Connaught Place West, Hyde Park, August 8."

An extract from a private letter, written by the Rev. Osmond Fisher, giving some account of the late shock of earthquake in Switzerland, has been placed in our hands for publication. Mr. Fisher says:—"We were baiting our horses at Bellevue, in the Münster Thal, in the Jura, and I and one of my aunts were sitting on a spring-cushioned sofa, when I heard a sound and felt a motion as if a carriage was being driven through an archway under the room; but it shortly increased to so great an extent that I knew it could be nothing but an earthquake. One of my aunts thought the house was built on posts, as some Swiss houses are; but it was a solid stone building. Some keys hung on the wall swung violently, and continued to oscillate for five minutes, I should say. The shock occurred at just one o'clock on the 25th of July. It lasted about four seconds, increasing in force until it suddenly subsided. I fancied at the time that its course was from E.S.E. to W.N.W., but next day I found reason to think I might have been mistaken; for when we arrived at Bienne next day about noon (Bienne is at the foot of the last range of the Jura), we learned that they had felt the shock severely, and that a stone had fallen in the church. I went to see it, and found that two pieces of one of the vaulting ribs had fallen into the choir organ, and smashed the pipes. It was evident that the church had swayed considerably. The stones had not fallen vertically, but about 2 or 2½ feet to the north by east of the place which they came from. They had remained parallel to themselves, and apparently in contact, when they fell. We must not, however, assume that the direction of the shock was from south by west to north by east, because it is clear that the building would more readily sway in the direction of its breadth than of its length, and therefore no doubt the direction of the shock at Bienne was more from the north-east towards the south-west; for, you see, in estimating the movement of the roof of a building with reference to its floor, we must suppose the roof stationary and the floor to be shifted under it in the opposite direction to that in which the roof appears to move. At Bienne they had a second shock at 10 A.M. on the 26th; and at Berne, where we arrived next day, they had felt both these, and clocks in the town had been stopped by the first. We hear that at Interlaken they had a third shock on the 28th, at 1 A.M.; and we hear that Visp, in the Valais, is thrown down, and the inhabitants encamped in the fields. There is also a report that Naples is much injured. A rock has been thrown upon one of the passes, and the road blocked up."

A collection of books, formed by Mr. William Nichol—chiefly illustrated—is announced for sale next week. It includes many of the best modern editions of Homer, Shakespeare and Milton, the Roxburghe publications, Strange's engraved works, and many other valuable lots—as well as a few "remainders."

At the sale of a gentleman's library, on Tuesday last, at Mr. Hodgson's rooms, there were some curious books relating to the game of chess. We

notice amongst them a copy of 'The Game and Play of the Chess' (sixty-two leaves), printed by Caxton in 1474, which sold for 60*l.* 10*s.* This copy was purchased by Lord Audley, in the year 1826, for 31*l.* 10*s.* A rare treatise on Chess, in Spanish, by Lucena, sold for 21*l.*—"Scacspel," by Gheeraert Leen, in black letter, 1479, sold for 5*l.* 15*s.* The Catalogue contained several other works on this celebrated game.

The Duke of Cornwall's Exhibition, granted to the Government School of Mines by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has this year been awarded to Mr. Charles Gould, a son of the eminent ornithologist.

The Trustees appointed by the Committee of the Edward Forbes Memorial Fund have presented to the Government School of Mines a bronze medal, to be competed for annually by students of the second year, and to be awarded to the one who shall be found most competent to apply the knowledge he has acquired in natural history to paleontology and geology. The first medal has been awarded to Mr. F. Drew, who last year obtained the Duke of Cornwall's Exhibition.

A fine bar of aluminium is now on view at the Polytechnic Institution, where Mr. Pepper explains its history and properties. This metal was discovered by Sir H. Davy in 1808. Oersted endeavoured to exhibit the metal in a detached form by the employment of chloride of aluminium, and about 30 years ago Wöhler succeeded in obtaining a few grains of it. It has been reserved, however, for M. St.-Clair Deville to produce (in the private laboratory of the Emperor of France) a whole bar of aluminium, which has been presented to Mr. Pepper by the Emperor. After giving a brief history of the metal, the non-success of experiments for obtaining it, and the "sodium" and "voltaic battery" processes, Mr. Pepper describes its nature and properties. "Aluminium" is classed by M. Deville as an "unalterable" metal, intermediate between the precious and the more common metals. Mr. Fownes includes it in the same category as glucinum, yttrium, cerium, lanthanum, didymium, zirconium, and thorium—all of them "metals of the earth proper." The specific gravity of aluminium is 2.56 (or 2.60 according to Mr. Fownes, water being taken as unity). This is about one-eighth of the gravity of platinum, and one-third that of iron, platinum being 20.98; gold, 19.26; mercury, 13.57; silver, 10.47; iron, 7.79; zinc, 6.5; and titanium (next above aluminium), 5.30. The equivalent of aluminium is 13.69. The metal is beautifully white, with a slight blueish tinge, and reflects light clearly. It is malleable and ductile, almost without limit; when passed through the fingers it exhales a slight odour of iron. It is a perfect conductor of electricity,—the best known among the metals,—and is negative to zinc. It melts at a rather higher temperature than zinc, and is excessively fusible. The chemical properties of aluminium are invaluable. It resists oxygen,—water has no action upon it at any temperature, and even sulphuretted hydrogen—that great defacer of the brightness of metals in large towns—exercises no destructive influence upon it. It is now, moreover, ascertained that the metal does not decompose water. Thus aluminium bids fair to become one of the most useful and serviceable of the metals, and from it have already been manufactured some medals and watch-wheels of exquisite workmanship.—Under Mr. Pepper's active management, the Polytechnic is perpetually adding to its attractions. Some of his experiments with Thames water are particularly interesting just now.

A new series of historical tableaux, of a very attractive and superior kind, has been open at the *Porte St.-Martin* theatre in Paris. The subject is "Paris" itself,—the story of which city, from the earliest times, is rendered to the eye pictorially in thirty representations. The show is spoken of in high terms, and will probably draw a vast number of the summer visitors to the theatre.

The Mediterranean Electric Telegraph Company have issued their plan of extensions from Algiers to the western coast of India, and from Pegu to Australia and Van Diemen's Land. In a few weeks their line will connect London with the

capital of French Africa. After crossing the Channel, from Dover, in two directions—to Ostend and to Calais—it traverses France as far as the Italian frontier, penetrates “the Alpine mountains old,” descends to Turin and to Genoa, and from the bright shore of Spezia dives under the Mediterranean to the northern point of Corsica. The peasants of that island, who flavour their feasts with myrtle, and preserve, in other ways, two thousand years of habit, will see the wires laid from end to end of their country, dipping into the sea again to Sardinia, and intersecting it to Cape Spartivento. Thence, reaching Africa at the City of Bonah, it turns westward to Algiers. But, from Spartivento, it is proposed to carry it, under water, to Malta, Corfu, and Constantinople in one direction, and to Alexandria in another. Southern Italy and Sicily are contemptuously left out of the plan, with an intimation that their rulers may telegraph for themselves. At the Bosphorus, to the north-east, the line ceases,—not venturing as yet to vex Apollonius and pass the Symplegades; but, from Alexandria, it pushes on (prospectively), through the sun and sand of Egypt, to Cairo and to Suez. Following the eccentricities of the Red Sea, it touches Cosseir and Jeddah, and, turning the Arabian peninsula at Aden, plunges into the Indian Ocean at Ras-el-had. From that point to Kurrachee is but a pearl-fisher's trip. Here the imaginary tracings on the map are interrupted by the Indian telegraph actually in operation, uniting Kurrachee, in Sindh, with Bombay and Madras, with Agra, Delhi, and Peshawur, with Calcutta, Dacca, and Pegu. For already “the electric chain, with which we are darkly bound,” stretches over 3,000 miles of our Asiatic territory, over regions desolated in one age by Moguls, in another by Maharrattas,—a greater wonder to India than India was to Tavernier or Thomas Roe. From Pegu, our new Oriental province, this artificial ecliptic will run parallel with the Malay Peninsula, swarming with savages,—it will thread the isles to the Borneo coast, visit Sarawak, Labuan, and Bruné, and there strike off a branch to Hong Kong. Possibly, when the Chinese exchange some of their dead erudition for practical acquirements, they will unite, by means of the telegraph, their widely-parted frontier, and communicate between Canton and Maimachen, as easily as they now do at Maimachen with the Russian guard that watches the frontier door and palings. However, the Company does not at present propose to help them. Its main wires will pass from Bruné, through the northern forests, swamps, and hills of Borneo, some degrees north of the Equator—which will then have a rival line—and cross the sunny Straits of Macassar, between the lily-lakes of Celebes, and the coral groups of the sea beyond, to Port Essington in Australia. Finally, it will embrace that mighty coast, and bring Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart Town into new relations with the Old World. Such is the scheme,—grand and diffusive, especially in a time of war. The Company's Report shows that its proceedings have hitherto been prosperous; and, under the French and Sardinian guarantees, promise to continue so. Similar privileges will be claimed from the British Government and that of the East India Company. Mr. Brett, the Company's representative, states the proposal clearly, with the facilities for putting it into effect. Certainly there appears no reason why the public should doubt. We may yet be far from a realization of the railway project down the valley of the Euphrates, and round the Persian Gulf to India; but telegraphic wires are easily laid, and may be effectually protected, even in the wildest region.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery, with a COLLECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, IS OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE NICOLL, Secretary.

ROSA BONHEUR.—In consequence of the late arrival of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's Picture of “THE HORSE FAIR,” the FRENCH EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS will remain open for another month.
121, Pall Mall.

ORNITHOLOGICAL EXHIBITION, Marlborough Gallery, 57, Pall Mall (opposite Marlborough House), under most distinguished patronage.—An Extraordinary, and by far the most beautiful, COLLECTION OF BIRDS in England.—Open daily from 11 to 6. Admission, 1s. Children, 6d.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—Additional Pictures.—The English Mortar Battery, the Mammoth and Rifle Pits, General Pelissier's Night Attack, and Mr. Ferguson's New System of Fortification, are now added to the Diorama, “The Events of the War.” The Lecture by Mr. Stocqueler. Daily at 8 and 8.—Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s. Children, half-price.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—PATRON—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.—LECTURE at 8.30 and 9.30, by J. MINIMUS yet produced from CLAY, being a PRESENT from HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE. THE UNIQUE and rare SPECIMEN is on VIEW daily and in the Evening.—THAMES WATER, in the MICROSCOPE, daily, at Four and Nine o'clock.—RUSSIAN INFERNAL MACHINES at 3.45 and 5.45.—LECTURE by Dr. Buxton, F.R.S., &c., on the ADOLESCENCE OF FOOD.—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at One o'clock.—LECTURE on the PASSAGE OF SOUND through Conductors, ILLUSTRATED by the ORPHEUS GLEE UNION, Monday at Three, and Wednesday and Friday at Three and Eight.—ARCTIC COLLECTION.—DISSOLVING VIEWS and DIORAMA OF SAM SLICK, &c.—RE-ENGAGEMENT OF GEORGE BUCKLAND, Esq. MUSICAL LECTURE on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at a Quarter before Eight.

FINE ARTS

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. Illustrated by Birker Foster, George Thomas, and Harrison Weir. Low & Co.

‘Hope’ is a pretty subject for illustration. Campbell's poem, too, abounds in poetical pictures. Every sentence brings before the mind a new scene—a new person—a new event. It is rich in contrasts and comparison—in the homely and in the heroic—in the simple and in the striking. Beauty of suggestion there is everywhere; and this beauty is of the kind that lends itself most willingly to the engraver's art. Messrs. Foster, Thomas, and Weir have assuredly not thrown away their skill and labour on an ungrateful subject; and out of their hands the poet himself comes away enriched with fresh meanings. The illustration to the lines—

Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned with rapture-smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

is a very poetical and graceful conception of the passage. The figures of the engraving for the line
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour,
are full of gentleness and repose. We may also mention the sheep and lambs as being most natural and life-like in the illustration to

There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray.

—There are fifty-four illustrations altogether; most of them meritorious. On the whole, this is a very pretty illustration of a very pretty poem;—we do not rank it with ‘The Mariners of England’ and ‘The Battle of the Baltic’—two of the greatest lyrics in any language,—but it has its own public among the gentle and refined; and to this public the new edition will be welcome.

A Series of Manuals of Gothic Ornament.—No. I. Stone Carving. No. II. A Manual of Gothic Mouldings and Continuous Ornament. J. H. Parker.

THESE Manuals are published in a cheap form under the authority of the Department of Science and Art, and are intended to reach the draughtsmen, builders, masons and stone-carvers who work by rote, ignorant of all principles, and scarcely so respectable in their formative instinct as the unpaid tailor-bird or that curious artificer the wren. Chipping dully, without thought, our workmen turn out a succession of strong neat objects with as little Art-feeling as there is in a chest of drawers or a tea-board. Everything with them is dull, respectable, tame and mediocre. There is a Chinese, cast-iron, borrowed look of repetition, where there should be liberty, religion, imagination and fancy. Our age is aspiring,—there is no aspiration in our carving. Our age is progressive,—there is no progression in our carving. It is nothing but a series of feeble imitations of a dead and buried mode of thought that will never be thought again. These Manuals, if they do anything, may debase the workmen by dependency into mere imitators; they may rouse them to originality by exciting the pugnacious spirit of hope and emulation. The following extract contains a just feeling of the real case:—

“But at present our architects have alone been influenced by the revival of this study; for they only have benefited by the researches and labours of the Societies, or have been able to purchase, for the most part, the expensive publications. Those who work under them, such as the draughtsmen, the builders, the masons, and more

important than all, especially with regard to the ornament of the fabric, the stone-carvers, have up to the present time been without these advantages; they are still, as they were before the revival, entirely ignorant of the principles which should guide them in their works. And it is this which we assign as the chief reason of the many defects in details which we so constantly notice in modern buildings. These defects arise from various causes, and are of various kinds; but there is one which we notice above all, on comparing the works of these days with those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, namely, the absence of that spirit which is so observable in ancient carving. This spirit, we believe, can only be imparted by the carver himself. It cannot be caused by the architect's design or the draughtsman's geometrical copies; it must be the work of the hand which guides the chisel. When, as in the middle ages, (writes a learned antiquary,) ‘architects as distinct practitioners were scarcely known, and but little more than the general forms and arrangements of a building were prescribed by those who superintended its erection, much of its beauty must have depended upon the skill of the workmen, to whose control the subordinate parts were entrusted; the masons therefore must have had the power of largely influencing the appearance of the structures on which they were employed.’

The first of these little books contains illustrations of capitals, bases, corbels, finials, crockets and crosses; the second of mouldings.

The Editor of these books seems justly to believe that the workman must first study what his predecessors have done before he can learn to invent something that has never been done. An order of architecture is bound by the most rigid laws of general principle; but it should be ready to receive daily adaptations of nature. We sigh for the time when our church builders will tear a bough from the next tree, and, arranging it to suit the style of his erection, copy it at once with his chisel. If stone models must first come, and the mason must copy old Gothic as our sculptors copy old Greek, these books will be excellent aids to him in fulfilling his purpose.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Miss Agnes Fraser has contributed a very pretty volume in aid of the Patriotic Fund, now being raised for the widows and orphans of our Crimean heroes. No object could be worthier of artistic genius,—no gift of genius could well exceed in grace the volume of Miss Fraser. It contains thirteen original drawings, illustrative of Madame Schopenhauer's exquisite little tale ‘Poor Margaret,’—which drawings many of our readers will remember among the attractions of the Exhibition lately held at Burlington House, and to which the royal children contributed several interesting works. ‘Poor Margaret’ is well known to readers of the minor German authors. It is a tale of innocence, of imagination and homely life—lending itself with easy grace to the purposes of the artist; and Miss Fraser has availed herself of its capabilities with refined taste and ready apprehension. A book so pretty in itself and intended to serve a purpose so noble cannot fail to find many and eager purchasers.

We have been shown a collection of new and interesting stereoscopic views—chiefly of Italian and French scenes—taken by French artists for the London Stereoscopic Company. Venetian palaces, the Verona amphitheatre, views of Genoa, and hundreds of others, are found in this collection, which is remarkable—so far as we were able to examine it—for the absence of inferior specimens. This art of photography is rapidly improving; and by aid of such works as those we refer to, the untravelled will soon be able to conceive correctly of foreign countries.

In reference to the question of putting titles to pictures, a Correspondent in Paris informs us that the whole of the paintings and statues exhibited in the British Department of the Paris Exhibition are labelled with the name of the artist and the subject of the work, both in French and English. It is the first occasion on which this useful plan has been adopted, and at present is peculiar to the British Department in the French Exhibition.

The University of Königsberg intends to erect a monument to the philosopher Kant, once the great ornament of that learned institution. It is to be a statue in bronze, and will be placed on the daily promenade of the great man, which, after him, has been called “der Philosophensteig” (the Philosopher's Path). Prof. Rauch, of Berlin, has almost finished the model. The statue is to be

eight feet high, and will represent the philosopher in the costume of his time.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS. ELEMENTARY WORKS

Vocal Exercises. By ELIZ. MASSON.—*The New School of Singing, &c.* By ROBERT FRANÇOIS BLACKBEE. (Published for the Authors.)—Stir, rather than study or science, seems to be the order of the day among singers and professors of singing. Too many of the former, who coin money with an ease which would have appeared fabulous to the great vocal artists of other days, rush about the world with a few airs and graces—spoiling themselves and despoiling the theatres—a subject of despair to the really great composers—a subject of derision to the truly small ones, who avail themselves of the impertinence of their interpreters as a pretext for contemning the medium of interpretation, and who therefore write for the singer as if the art of singing had never existed. Too many professors, on the other hand, appear more eager to rival the quack dentist or the fashionable corn-cutter, by each man publishing his "short road" and "heal all," than to form great pupils. Meanwhile, such anecdotes are in existence as Porpora's one sheet of exercises, some years' study of which made the greatest singer in Europe,—and such facts are patent as the decay of vocal accomplishment, finished declamation, and the power to charm by those last touches of expression and ornament which no master can teach. Few treatises more ambitiously worded than the two before us have ever been seen. One of them is the work of a Lady, who, in spite of limited natural powers, proved herself, when she was before the public, to be a consummate artist. But we would rather have been called on to praise a pupil finished by either Miss Masson or Mr. Blackbee, than to anatomize their respective methods of treating, or to admire the solemn language in which these are presented to singers, and to the "parents and guardians" of singers. It is a bad time for Art when treatises become more numerous than examples, and when grand definitions strike us more forcibly than good exercises. To these general observations we need add little in the way of detailed criticism. The Lady's book is unquestionably the better of the two. Her precepts and remarks, though delivered in a style almost as ornate and complicated as that of Madame d'Arbly, prove anew that Miss Masson can think as well as sing, and knows how to "read her words," besides delivering her notes and finishing her passages. The "Outline of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vocal Organs," with which Mr. Blackbee opens his School, is little better than so much waste paper, its place considered. Were it ever so convincing—ever so calculated to supersede all that has been laid down, it is nearly as valueless to any musical pupil desirous of learning to sing as an anatomical analysis of the hand would be to some would-be Raphael or Fra Beato. In both these books too much space is wasted on printed repetitions of the same exercise in different keys. Why should not Miss Masson or Mr. Blackbee have multiplied the varieties of passage, leaving the pupil to copy and transpose the exercise for himself?—such copying and transposition being a discipline in every respect useful, and contributing to the steadiness and musical knowledge of the vocalist.

A Short Treatise on the Stave, to serve as an Introduction to the Practice of Reading or Playing from Score. By JOHN HULLAH. (Parker & Son.)—A well-reasoned, well-written Preface is here followed by one of the clearest and most sensible manuals on an important branch of musical knowledge that we recollect to have met with. Mr. Hullah points out, as we think, justly, that most modern devices of simplifying notation, "in deed and truth," only complicate it. Clear apprehension, he might have added, may in some matters be better secured by division than by over-concentration of the attention. Variety of symbols offers only a passing difficulty,—provided that distinctness and classification are insured by it: and the learning of three or more musical clefs is an evil

of far less moment than would be the necessity of overlooking a crowded score, on which the monotony of character precluded the idea of diversity of parts. A simple expedient, the revival of the red line (a "contrivance," to quote Mr. Hullah, "of the eleventh century, and probably anterior to the use of clefs"), is judiciously introduced,—by aid of which separation, translation, or other mental operation in which the mind suggests to the voice the expression of what has been learned by the eye, receives great assistance. There is, also, a good choice of exercises, drawn principally from the vocal compositions of the old Italian school.

An Elementary Text-Book of Vocal Music, specially applicable to Psalmody, &c. By GEORGE WALKER and JAMES VALENTINE. (Edinburgh, Johnstone & Hunter.)—This is one of the cheap books "whose name is legion" called out by the marvellously rapid development of a taste for choral music in this country. Fortunately, in this branch of art, the cheap manuals are not the inferior ones. A certain amount of solemn pedantry may be objected against this particular one,—but some country-folk there be who think little of any priest or any schoolmaster who is unable to employ grand language, and who conceive that to be simple is to be shallow. Thus, as the teaching in the manual before us seems sound, if over-sonorous in the manner, far be it from any wise person to resent the extra sonority.

Mr. Henry Rudd puts forth another *Complete System of Instruction in the Art of Singing*. (Jarrold.)—With the exception of chapters 9th and 10th, this book might be more fitly entitled 'A Complete System of Instruction, by which Singers are taught to read Music and to keep Time.' This is not the 'Art of Singing.' Mr. Rudd gives us "seventy-one appropriate Rounds for practice," but not one exercise for the development of the voice. It is true that we are offered "a concise explanation of the vocal organs,—the lungs, the trachea, the larynx, the epiglottis (with a diagram)—twelve lines concerning "the management of the breath," and nine "hints,"—the last conveying little more truth or counsel than is conveyed in the old half line "The rose is red."—We have little faith in singing being taught by precepts distinct from examples, and disavowed from the superintendence of a master—but the attempt, even, is not made by Mr. Rudd.

The Singing-Book. The Art of Singing at Sight taught by Progressive Exercises. By JAMES TURLE and EDWARD TAYLOR. (Longman & Co.)—Whether 'The Singing-Book' be the reprint of a publication which has already appeared in separate portions, or not, we cannot say. The name of Mr. Turlé is a warrant for the scientific portion being sound,—while that of his collaborator indicates a choicer taste in the text of the work than is found in most of the letter-press issued in conjunction with *sol-feggi*, whether it contains precept or matter for practice. To a certain degree, however, our remarks on Mr. Rudd's 'Complete System' bear on Messrs. Turlé and Taylor's 'Singing-Book' also.

The last elementary work noticed on the present occasion will be Carl Engel's *Pianoforte School for Young Beginners, in Four Parts*. (Scheurmann & Co.)—Of this "School" a simple announcement is notice sufficient.

SADLEE'S WELLS.—The Olympic company, under the management of Mr. Wigan, appeared here on Monday. 'Tit for Tat,' 'The First Night,' and 'The Wandering Minstrel,' were performed to a respectable and applauding audience.

ADELPHI.—'The Writing on the Wall,' originally produced at the Haymarket, was revived on Monday, to give Mr. Wright the opportunity of exhibiting his vagaries as a model farmer. The piece, which is not pleasing, was indebted to certain eccentricities for its success; among these is the introduction of pigs and poultry on the stage.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Our Italian Opera season closed on Thursday last:—the performances of the week having been, on Monday

and Thursday 'L'Étoile,' and on Tuesday 'Otello.' The season is understood to have been profitable to the management, and it has obviously no less been satisfactory to the public. The three novelties introduced,—'Le Conte Ory' counting as one,—have all found favour.—The fourth act of 'Il Trovatore' has advanced Signor Verdi's reputation here as a composer.—The admirable production of 'L'Étoile,' and the excitement caused by the visit of M. Meyerbeer to his English subjects, have amounted to another marking feature. Very pleasant has been the enthusiasm to ourselves,—in part because we recollect how some eighteen years ago those few among us who wrote in praise of M. Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots'—then in its young glory at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris—were criticized by their English contemporaries, as people whose brains had been disturbed by the desire of running after any outlandish novelty. Yet, though we are slow to move, when moved we English are constant. Our over-constancy has never had a more signal remarking feature than at our Italian Opera on the 'Norma' and 'Lucrezia' nights of the past season. Let us hope that we may not be called on to enter more deeply into the subject next year.—Further, in summing up, we need but remind the reader of the favour won by two new comers, Madame Ney and Signor Graziani,—of the improvement shown by Madame Bosio,—of the increasing hold on her public taken by Madame Viardot,—of the inconvenience caused by the non-appearance of Signor Ronconi.—We close our transactions with the *Royal Italian Opera* for eight months, convinced alike that something has been gained during the past season, and that the materials for an interesting and profitable campaign in 1856 are in store,—without any need of appeal in the form of "more last nights," or supplementary exhibitions in threadbare operas of artists whom vanity or false friendship may tempt beyond the verge of what is dignified or welcome in experiment.

The manner in which tunes are made up and their origin lost by degrees,—a fact not sufficiently admitted by collectors and historians of national music,—has been curiously illustrated during the last fortnight in a copyright trial reported in our papers. This began with

—a motion on behalf of the plaintiffs, Messrs. —, to restrain the defendants from publishing the song 'Minnie Dale' in the —, on the ground that they were thereby pirating the copyright in the plaintiff's song of 'Minnie.' It appeared that an American song, called 'Lillie Dale,' had obtained great popularity in the United States, and that Mr. George Linley, the musical composer and poet, had taken that air, written entirely new words, and made some alterations in the arrangement and accompaniment. The song had been sung in this form by Madame Anna Thillon, with great success, at M. Julien's concerts, at Drury Lane Theatre in November last, and at Covent Garden in January of this year. The copyright had been assigned by Linley to the plaintiffs, Messrs. —, by whom the song had been published as "Minnie," sung by Madame Anna Thillon at M. Julien's concerts, written by George Linley. Upon the title-page was a lithographed portrait of Madame Anna Thillon, in a morning dress, which had been expressly taken for the plaintiffs. The defendants had, in April last, published in the — the song "Minnie Dale," sung by Madame Anna Thillon (and *encored* nightly) at M. Julien's concerts, the music by J. R. Thompson, &c.

—Did the beauty of the air or any particular charm in the words of 'Minnie' make it worth while to fall back on its earlier history, it might, possibly, be found that 'Lillie Dale' is an edition, with "alterations and arrangements," of some earlier tune—English or American. In no art is Tradition so blind a guide as in music.

Among the last dramatic works which have made any literary sensation in Paris has been 'Le Mariage d'Olympe,' by M. Émile Augier, produced at the *Théâtre Vaudeville*. This repulsive three-act play seems to have been written partly in order to supply a new part for Mdlle. Fargueil,—partly to outdo the popularity won by 'La Dame aux Camélias' and 'Le Demi-Monde.' The world of Paris has shown too much patience in the theatre with the passions, follies, and sufferings of those whom the world ignores. "Ill-fare" has of late been as largely in the ascendant among our playgoing neighbours, as the "silver fork" was some five-and-twenty years ago among our novel-reading English. What is painful, too, is the dismal pretext at poetical justice made. The thunderbolt,

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by receipt, is directed against the woman out of society, in defence and vindication of the man in society. When noticing 'Le Demi-Monde' (*ante*, p. 111), we noted that the impression produced on us by that play was precisely the contrary to that which was intended by its author, and apparently accepted by the public for whom it was written. The discomfiture of the *Becky* of 'Le Demi-Monde,' brought about by the stratagems and falsehoods of the honourable gentleman who had cheered her on in her *Becky*-hood, but who could not allow one of his order to be sullied by helping such a creature out of the mire, told more against the stronger than the weaker sex in the drama. Great, however, was the joy of the stalls when *Madame d'Ange's* webs were broken; home from the *Gymnase* went the boxes, gratified to have seen vice duly defeated and virtue rewarded. The admission of such a subject as argument for a work of Art cannot fail to be accompanied by a warping of the sympathies of those who see it presented. On the principle of "peppering higher" to please, M. Augier's *drame* has been constructed. In it the *Pariah* woman accomplishes her marriage with a man of noble family,—finds herself intolerably oppressed by the respectabilities of life,—invents a scheme by which she can retain the rank given to her, secure some money, and still return to her old haunts and companions. Rank, however, is too strong for ill-fame. The head of the family whom *Olympie* beards, and to whom she propounds her audacious project, satisfied that she cannot be interrupted in its execution,—remonstrates—threatens—and finally blows out her brains. This catastrophe, and the entire play, seem generally objected to.

Since the *Athenæum* is read in the United States, the *New York Musical Gazette* will, we doubt not, be obliged to us, for the testimony to its discretion, which we offer by repeating a passage printed some weeks ago in our own columns, side by side with the comment passed on it by the Transatlantic arbiter of musical taste:—

New York Musical Review and Gazette, July 14.

"Our readers may form an opinion as to the reliability of the *Athenæum* statements in regard to Wagner from the fact, that it announces that Thalberg's 'Christine of Sweden' has been successful, while all the other journals, on German as well as English, proclaim its complete failure."

Athenæum, June 23.

"M. Thalberg's second theatrical work, 'Christine of Sweden,' has been produced at Vienna with every sign of approval; and (we are informed by Mr. Ella's *Musical Record*) the composer has passed through London on his way to Rio Janeiro, where he is engaged for some concert. Such a move seems to us an odd sequel to a real triumph. But what is success, after all? In some collection of theatrical anecdotes we remember the whimsical commentary of Kenney on the manager who declared himself as 'really proud of his pit,' on a night when his pit was counted by Kenney to contain some five-and-twenty persons.—Again, we find the *New York Musical Gazette*, for the benefit of innocent America, chronicling the crowds and the increasing enthusiasm in London which attend on the evolutions of Herr Wagner's *baion*! We heard of like triumphs, too, the other day, when we were at Düsseldorf. Pleasantly apart, statements like these are very sad, or very silly—or both."

—We submit the *Athenæum's* "announcement of the success" of Herr Thalberg's opera thus boldly adduced by our American contemporary for reason why the *Athenæum's* statement of Herr Wagner's failure in London should not be believed, to all such home and foreign readers as understand English.

Mr. Mitchell, we are informed by the *Cologne Gazette*, has made arrangements with the famous Cologne Singing Society of Gentlemen for a visit to Paris, which is to take place about the middle of next month. The stay of the "Verein" at Paris will embrace a fortnight.

Madame Ristori has been performing in that most melancholy of all modern tragedies 'Pia de'

Tolomei.' Even in its scenes of long-drawn and sickly melancholy she has managed, the French journals assure us, to find materials for success. Mdlle. Rachel's act from 'Athalie,' a part of the benefit performance at Drury Lane, to which she contributed on Thursday last, claims a word of commemoration in the *Athenæum*, "the questions and answers" concerning her performance of the part which appeared in this journal, being especially borne in mind. It may be here mentioned that as a farewell "card," an effective photograph of Mdlle. Rachel, in the character of *Phèdre*, has been just issued.

Mr. Heraud, we hear, has declined to take advantage of an offer made by Mr. Buckstone, of an Author's benefit night, on account of the new play 'Wife, or No Wife.' He declines the offer, it is said, because the play itself was mainly designed as a vehicle for his daughter's *début*, and for her occasional performance exclusively. Accordingly, we understand, the play will not be printed. Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean acted in the same manner in regard to Mr. Lovell's drama of 'The Wife's Secret,' which still remains in manuscript, and can only be acted by its original purchasers. This kind of monopoly in a new play and part is understood to be a lucrative possession to a performer of sufficient talent to support both. Miss Vandenhoff, for instance, it is reported, derives considerable profits from her own five-act production, entitled 'Woman's Heart.'

Mr. Belton, of the Princess's Theatre, and more recently of Drury Lane—a young actor, distinguished among his brethren for the poetical cast of his mind and the careful study of his author's meanings—is about to depart for America, having accepted a permanent engagement with Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre.

The Wizard of the North (Mr. J. H. Anderson) has taken the Lyceum Theatre, and intends to commence his season on Monday, September the 3rd (being his first appearance in London since his return from America).

We are requested by the provincial publishers of the Overture to 'Macbeth,' reviewed last week (*ante*, p. 906), to state that it is the composition as well as the arrangement of Mr. E. Loder, and that it was expressly prepared for a careful and elaborate revival of Shakespeare's tragedy at the Manchester Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

Public Libraries and Museums.—The new act for further promoting the establishment of Free Public Libraries and Museums in municipal towns, and for extending it to towns governed under local improvement acts and to parishes, has been printed. There is a new provision as to the City of London. The Public Libraries Act of 1850 is repealed, and under this act the admission to the public is to be "free of all charge." Town Councils may adopt the act if determined upon by the inhabitants, and the expenses to be paid out of the borough fund, so also may the board of any district within the limits of an improvement act under similar circumstances. Upon a requisition of at least ten ratepayers a meeting of a parish may be called, and if two-thirds of the ratepayers then present shall determine, the act shall come into operation in the parish, and the expenses of the same to be paid out of the poor-rate. The vestries of two neighbouring parishes may adopt the act. With regard to the City of London, it is enacted that the Lord Mayor of the City of London shall, on the request of the City in Common Council assembled, convene a public meeting in order to determine whether the act shall be adopted, and if at such meeting two-thirds of such persons then present shall decide, the act shall come into operation, and the expenses to be paid out of the consolidated rate. In order to prevent agitation, it is provided that if any meeting called in any borough, district, or parish shall determine against the adoption, no meeting for a similar purpose shall be held for the space of one year at least from the time of holding the previous meeting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. W.—S. B.—E. E.—E. B.—M. H.—A Subscriber—H. J. N.—F. R. S.—J. Y.—received.

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14, Waterloo-place, London, and 30, Brown-street, Manchester.
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This Society is established on the tried and approved principle of Mutual Assurance. The funds are accumulated for the exclusive benefit of the Policy-holders, under their own immediate superintendence and control. The Profits are divided annually, and applied in reduction of the current Premiums. Policy-holders participate in Profits after payment of five annual Premiums.
The Annual General Meeting of this Society was held on the 30th of May, 1855, when a Report of the business for the last year was presented, exhibiting a statement of most satisfactory progress. It appeared that during the last two years, 1853 and 1854, between 800 and 900 new Assurances had been effected, producing an increase of Premium income amounting to 14,000l. per annum. It also appeared that, notwithstanding the extraordinary mortality which prevailed during the last year in consequence of the visitation of the cholera, it had not been found necessary to reduce, in the slightest, the allowances previously awarded to the Policy-holders.

The Members present at the Meeting were fully satisfied with the Report, and resolved to recommend that a reduction of 3 1/2 per cent. should be made in the current year's Premium payable by all Policy-holders now entitled to participate in the Profits.
Credit is allowed for half the Annual Premiums for the first five years.

Age when Assured.	Amount Assured.	Annual Premium originally paid.	Allowance of 3 1/2 per Cent.	Annual Premium now payable.
20	£1,000	£9 17 6	£6 11 0	£14 10 0
30	1,000	25 13 4	8 1 8	17 11 8
40	1,000	33 18 4	10 13 8	23 4 0
50	1,000	48 16 8	15 7 8	33 9 0
60	1,000	72 17 6	23 18 0	51 19 6

The following Table exemplifies the effect of the present reduction.

A. R. IRVINE, Managing Director.
14, Waterloo-place, London.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established by Special Act of Parliament, 1854.
Annual Income upwards of 125,000l.
CHARLES DOWNES, Esq. Chairman.
Hon. FRANCIS SCOTT, M.P. Deputy-Chairman.

This Company offers the security of a large paid-up Capital, held in Shares by a numerous and wealthy Proprietary, thus protecting the Assured from the risk attending Mutual Offices.
There have been three Divisions of Profits, the Bonuses averaging 12, 18s. 4d. per annum on the sums assured from the commencement of the Company.

Sum Assured.	Bonuses added.	Payable at Death.
£5,000	£1,987 10 0	£6,970 10 0
4,000	1,390 10 0	5,390 0 0
3,000	1,192 10 0	4,192 10 0
2,000	795 0 0	2,795 0 0
1,000	397 10 0	1,397 10 0
500	198 15 0	698 15 0

EXAMPLE—A person aged 55 in 1834, who insured his life for 5,000l., at an Annual Premium of 107 5s. 10d., will have paid to this Company, on 31st December last, 2,534 2s. 6d. in Premium, and have had a Bonus of 1,987 10s. added to his Policy, almost as much as the amount paid.
The Premiums, nevertheless, are extremely moderate, and only one half need be paid for the first five years, when the Assurance is for life.
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GEORGE CAIRN, Esq.

Examples of the Bonus upon Policies declared to the 31st December, 1854:—
Date of Policy 18th March, 1845; 18th April, 1845; 7th Nov. 1845.
Age at Entry 25, 36, 43.
Annual Premium £35 6, £38 10 6, £40 5 1.
Sum Assured £1,000 0 0, £1,000 0 0, £1,000 0 0.
Bonus added £157 10 0, £184 0 0, £211 10 0.

Copies of the last Report, Prospectuses, and every information may be had upon written or personal application to the Office.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE (MUTUAL) LIFE-ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.
THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this SOCIETY was held at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, May 1, 1855. The Report by the Directors, among other information, contained the following particulars:—
During the Year closed on 1st March last—
625 Policies have been issued.
The Sums Assured thereby amount to 234,670l.;
And the Annual Premiums thereon to 9,041l.
The position of the Society at 1st March was as follows:—
Existing Assurances £4,398,738
Annual Revenue 163,284
Accumulated Fund 910,245

This Corporation has been in existence TWENTY-FOUR years. It proceeds on the principle of Mutual Contribution, the surplus of Profit being WHOLLY DIVISIBLE AMONG THE MEMBERS.
The total additions to Policies made at and preceding March 1, 1853, amounted to
SIX HUNDRED AND SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE POUNDS.
The amount paid to the Representatives of Deceased Members is upwards of
SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.
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Agent in London—W. COOK, 195, Bishopsgate-street Within.

VIEW OF THE PROGRESS AND POSITION OF THE SOCIETY.

	Amount Assured.	Annual Revenue.	Accumulated Fund.
At 1st March, 1837	£740,482	£26,093	£36,115
" 1843	1,707,716	64,000	127,735
" 1849	3,067,378	114,106	496,525
" 1855	4,398,738	163,284	910,245

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